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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

A Champion of England

By Clive Rattigan

"**O**LD PAM," as his contemporaries loved to call him, had a way with him that unfortunately his modern successors in Whitehall have not been able to acquire.

As his country's spokesman to Europe he could be at times extraordinarily flippant in his language, just as at other times he could be almost painfully blunt. The result was invariably the same. The Chanceries of Europe realised that he meant business and they re-acted accordingly.

He earned for himself the title of the "Judicious Bottle-holder" by his airy remark to the Russian Ambassador in 1849 that the British and French Fleets were being despatched to the Dardanelles "to prevent accidents" and "to comfort and support the Sultan (of Turkey)—like holding a bottle of salts to the nose of a lady who had been frightened." This peculiar simile and the speedy arrival of the Fleets off the Dardanelles brought Russia and Austria at once into a more accommodating mood, and the Austro-Russian ultimatum to Turkey demanding the extradition of the Hungarian refugees was forthwith withdrawn.

Diplomatic Slang

Some nine years earlier when the French were encouraging Mohammed Ali in his expansionist dreams in Syria Palmerston persuaded the Cabinet to send a British Fleet to the Eastern Mediterranean and occupy Beyrout, Sidon and St. Jean d' Acre, the while he proceeded to instruct the British *chargé d'affaires* at Paris to tell Thiers "in the most friendly and inoffensive manner possible that if France throws down the gauntlet, we shall not refuse to pick it up" and that Mohammed Ali "will just be chucked into the Nile."

Under this typically Palmerstonian touch the Anglo-French crisis miraculously vanished, and so astutely had he "managed" the other Great Powers that he was even able to obtain Russia's consent to the nullification of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelesi, by which she had won for herself the position of sole protectress of Turkey.

In his first decade at the Foreign Office—from 1830 to 1841, with an interval in 1834-5, during which Peel was Prime Minister—he raised the prestige of England in Europe to a height which, as one of his biographers justly remarks, "it had not occupied since Waterloo." He had created an independent Belgium, had saved Portugal and Spain from anarchy and had rescued not only Turkey from Russia, but the highway to India from France. In his next period of office he was similarly to preserve the independence of Switzer-

land, by preventing both France and Austria from finding a pretext for interfering in the Swiss civil war.

Palmerston's "absolute despotism" at the Foreign Office lasted for some sixteen years, none of his colleagues venturing to interfere with his decisions and all of them being obsessed by his long series of diplomatic triumphs.

Lord John Russell, however, was inclined to resent Palmerston's independence, and when the latter, in an unofficial conversation with the French Ambassador, expressed his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851, Lord John Russell found himself forced to dismiss Palmerston from office.

Within eleven months, however, there was a change of administration and Palmerston was once more in the Cabinet, this time as an admirable Home Secretary, assiduous in the performance of his duties and characteristically original in his discovery of remedies for the needs of the time.

Crimean War and Mutiny

He had resigned before the Crimean War broke out, but not before he had very frankly told the Cabinet that "the Russian Government has been led on step by step by the apparent timidity of the Government of England." From the first he had been for vigorous action and, had he been listened to, the war probably would have been averted.

The scandals of the early part of the Crimean War caused the fall of the Aberdeen administration and the summoning of Palmerston, the one man in whom the whole country had any confidence, to form his own Ministry and clear up the unhappy mess. He was then seventy, but he justified the nation's confidence in him by the prompt measures he took to remedy the evils that had been disclosed and to prosecute the war to a satisfactory termination. Equally prompt was his despatch of reinforcements to India when the gravity of the Mutiny crisis came to be realised at home.

Courage and a sturdy patriotism were the outstanding qualities of his whole career. As Ashley said of him, "he believed in England as the best and greatest country in the world," and he forced the other Great Powers to accept England at his own estimate.

Unlike the milk and water statesmen of to-day, who go running cap in hand seeking alliances or frantically begging our neighbours to disarm, he told the other Powers just what England required them to do—and they did it. Would we had another "Pam" to-day.

THROWN TO THE WOLVES

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

WHAT is a National Conservative?

A double-barrelled alias used by double-dealing politicians who know they have not the very faintest shadow of right to be called either "National" or "Conservative," for they are neither one nor the other.

Can you prove this statement?

Easily. I will do so by the most convincing proof that can be given. Here is the dictionary meaning of the word "National"—National: Attached to one's country; patriotism; strong attachment to one's own nation. And the dictionary meaning of the word "Conservative": To conserve; to keep in a safe unimpaired state; one who aims to preserve from ruin, innovation, injury, or radical change; one of a political party whose political object is to support and preserve the existing Institutions of the country and to oppose undesirable changes—But not one of these things have been done by this Government.

So that English words from an English Dictionary prove conclusively the name "National Conservative" given by Mr. Baldwin to this Government **when it suits him**—is a misnomer and a smoke-screen to hide up the dishonest introduction of purely Socialist measures, which is all that this Government has given us.

TO DESTROY CONSERVATISM

FOR when this iniquitous sham, called a Government, was instituted by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, it was formed with one object, and that was to destroy Conservatism, and with the help of Mr. Baldwin this has been done most thoroughly. Although Mr. Baldwin still has the colossal impertinence to describe himself as the Leader of the Conservative Party (a Leader that has dragged down every Conservative Aim), making the Army, Navy and Air Force utterly inefficient, and a mere laughing-stock in the eyes of Europe, especially Russia, their dear friends, with her army of ten millions.

By soul-destroying millions of unemployed—By disrupting Ireland from England—And by fighting tooth and nail to force and bully us into accepting this White Paper which is saturated already and dripping with the blood of True and Faithful Englishmen in India.

But the last word that comes to us is that the Indian Princes reject Federation (**for which we thank God**).

This decision was taken at a meeting (under the chairmanship of the Chancellor, the Maharaja of Patiala) of Princes and representatives of the States specially summoned to announce their final verdict on the Federal scheme.

BETRAYING OUR TRUST

EGLISHMEN who have lived in India all their lives and know India from A to Z, have said again and again that it will bring bloodshed, assassination and untold horror, not only to the 200,000 Englishmen, working justly and faithfully for the good of the Indian Nation, but also to the 350 million Indians who have trusted us.

For less than one half per cent. of Indians desire any change at all, and they have had the disadvantage of a Western education, which is utterly unsuited to the Eastern mind.

So that looking through all that the National Government has done from the beginning, one cannot find a single thing that is true Conservative policy, and yet we are told if we do not vote for these men, we shall wreck the Conservative Party—**HAVING DONE THIS VERY THING THEMSELVES**—For there is no Conservative Party at the present moment, and only Conservatives with real Conservative measures can save the Country, India and the Empire.

EGLISHMEN, Englishmen, have you no shame, no pride, no self-respect? You hear what the Princes of India say, and the shuffling response of Sir Samuel Hoare, which

made one ashamed to listen. He pretended to be surprised, although he had been told for months past that the Princes utterly disagreed with him, and would most certainly refuse to enter into the Federation.

HOW much longer are you going quietly to permit yourselves to be pushed, forced, bullied and kicked by a Political Popinjay who dare not speak in any hall without fear of being howled down, even in his own Constituency: Whose record during the war was such that in any other country he would have been shot at dawn, who dragged down almost to ruin the last Socialist Government, and was only saved by the prestige of Conservatism? How much longer, I say, do

you intend to demean England by permitting this?

THIS man is treating England and India as if they were his own private property and their inhabitants his galley slaves, to be given away with a pound of tea, according to his wishes. Why, may we venture to enquire, why this persistent, insistent, obstinate pigheadedness over India by him and his gang? Can it be that they are in the power of Russia? Is it possible that, peradventure, in order to placate their master they have promised India to Russia as a little *bonne bouche*, in order to shut the mouth of the Soviet? There is something dark and dirty in all this which ought to be unearthed. Who is going to do it? Must it be left to a woman?

RUSSIAN BUTTER

Let's have a rhyme on
Sir John Simon.
Not that he's a person
I'd waste a verse on,
Or time on,
Only it's reported
By assorted
Reporters,
Who get their information from authoritative
quarters,
That Ivan Simonoffsky
Will shortly trot offsky
With instructions to fix
Up some sort of a pact with the Bolsheviks.

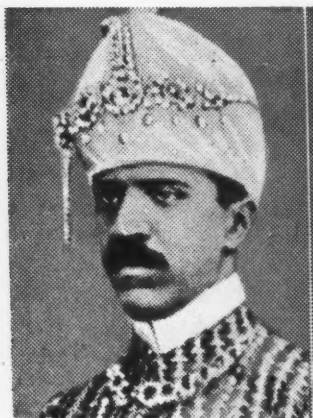
Now pep's
A sine qua non
If you live on the steppes
Or the banks of the Don,
And Stalingrad,
So they say who condemn it, is
No clime
For Sime,
Or any other lad
Who gets taken bad
With frozen extremities.
And when I envisage
Sir John at his age
Being put through the hoop
By a group
Of tough eggs in the Kremlin,
I go in fear and trem'lin'
For the poor sap,
They mean to entrap,
And the twisting
They'll administer without fail
To the poor, unresisting
British lion's tail.

I well believe
That a game of stud poker

With three kings and a joker
Up everyone's sleeve
Would be almost tame
Compared with the game
That the Moscovite con men
Are hoping to frame
For simple Sir John. Men
Will laugh in their bellies
Ten years from now,
When reading of how
Poor Simon was skinned by those red Machiavellis
Now a pact with France
Seems all right at a glance,
Though it does not justify the Government's
senseless
Passion for keeping Britain defenceless,
But why the sin
We should go mucking in
To the job of keeping order
On the Russian border
Ramsay the Red
May know, but he hasn't said.

Let us, if we must, preach sermons
To the Germans,
And sell coals
To the Poles,
And shout *Mauvais enfant!*
To the Little Entente,
But for heaven's sake let's bar
The U.S.S.R.,
For this much is
A cert,
That if Simon falls into Moscow's clutches
They'll do him dirt.
He'll be glad to escape in his shirt.
And even if being pleasant
Is all they aim at at present,
The British public would very much sooner he
Decided to have no truck with bloody baboonery.

HAMADRYAD

Princes who Oppose the India Bill:—His Exalted Highness the
Nizam of HyderabadHis Highness the Maharaja of
KashmirLieut.-General His Highness
the Maharaja of PatialaLieut.-General His Highness
the Maharaja of Bikaner**NOTES OF THE WEEK****The True Conservatism**

We reprint in this number the 1932 correspondence between Lady Houston and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Three years ago Lady Houston had foreseen the course that events would take and events have shown her to be only too right. Her definition of true Conservatism is re-echoed in the following quotation from a leader in the *Morning Post* 23/2/35:

"Now we have always thought of Conservative policy as a national policy, simply and easily understood, and in its essence appealing to the instincts of our countrymen on both sides of the Trent. What is Conservatism? To maintain our institutions and our liberties, first by a system of defence against attack from without; and to defend them also against attack or decay from within. The Conservative regrets if he cannot restore the balance of the Constitution. He would still maintain the independence of the judiciary. He stands for clean justice, for the freedom of the subject as long as it does not encroach on the rights of the community, and for the right of every man to reap where he has sown. Conservatism stands for the protection of our industries and of our agriculture; it would substitute employment for the dole by means of tariffs and the fostering of Empire trade. It stands, besides, for sound and sane finance. This is not a partisan or a local policy, and in the immediate past has been as acceptable to the North as to the South. It is such a policy as the Nation might well accept in opposition to Socialism."

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Upsetting the Apple-cart

Sir Samuel Hoare has confessed that the Indian Princes' Resolution on the India Bill came to him as a "great surprise." We can well believe that, though the confession does no credit either to his good faith or intelligence. He clearly ought to have known that the Princes for a long time past have been extremely apprehensive regarding the Government's whole White Paper policy. He ought also to have realised that the Princes were giving prolonged and very earnest attention to the question of their rights and privileges under the fantastic Federation scheme that Socialistic

ingenuity had evolved and the Conservative Party had been forced by Baldwin-Hoare guidance to adopt.

In the circumstances one might have thought that the Government would have waited to hear what the Princes had to say before introducing their precious Bill. The fact that they didn't do this goes to show that the main, if not sole pre-occupation of the Government and Sir Samuel Hoare was the placating of Political India. The Princes simply didn't come into consideration. Lord Willingdon had them completely in hand. There was no harm in allowing them to let off a little steam—especially after the Ranji business. In the end they would, one by one, be made to see reason—by means that the Government of India possesses for exerting pressure! And now suddenly to Lord Willingdon's and Sir Samuel's inexpressible surprise their beautiful "apple-cart" has been upset and rolled in the mud, by the very people whom they had treated as of no account.

What the Princes Want

Every effort, of course, is being made to demonstrate that the Princes' objections to the India Bill are not really fundamental and that they are quite capable of being easily met by a few alterations here and there in the Government measure. This contention is sheer nonsense. To appreciate the Princes' position one must realise first that the Federation to which they originally gave their consent was not the Federation that holds the field to-day. Again, the essential condition for the Princes' acceptance of Federation is that not only shall they enter it as the equals of British India, but they shall have restored to them the full rights and privileges which they once enjoyed but which have been whittled away by the Political Department of the Government of India. On neither point does this India Bill satisfy them, nor is it at all likely that their demands will ever be fully

complied with by a Government whose intention is to cut India adrift from Britain as soon as possible and hand the Princes over bound to the tender mercies of their implacable enemies the Congress-wallahs.

* *

The Government's Dilemma

The significance of the Princes' resolution is that it represents the views of the whole Princely Order in India. If it had been carried by the Princes' Chamber, it might have been possible to argue that it was mainly an expression of opinion by a number of more or less important States. As it is, there can be no getting over the fact that at this Bombay meeting all the leading Ruling Princes of India were represented, from His Exalted Highness the Nizam downwards. In this new-found unity lies the Princes' strength. If they can continue to present a united front to the pressure that will undoubtedly be brought to bear on them they may yet save India and themselves. Sir Samuel Hoare and other Government spokesmen have said over and over again that "the accession of the Princes in sufficient numbers is a fundamental condition of our proposals." If no Princes will come into the Federation, Government must obviously either drop their Bill or shame the Devil by appearing in all their nakedness as liars and traitors.

* *

Norwood's Real Conservative

Mr. Richard Findlay, an ex-R.A.F. officer, is to contest the Norwood by-election in *real* Conservative interests. He states:

"All my life I have been a staunch Conservative. I have been sickened in recent years by the shameful fashion in which the leaders of the Conservative Party have perverted the power of the party to adopt Socialist measures. In particular I regard it as highly discreditable that the largest Conservative majority that Parliament has seen since 1688 should be presided over by the international Socialist, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was against the country in the war, who was one of the leaders in the General Strike, and who brought this country to the verge of bankruptcy in 1931.

* *

The Rising Generation

"The lack of any real leadership and of any appeal either to democracy or to youth which the Conservative Party have shown ever since the war have lost it the faith and support of the rising generation.

"So disgusted was I with the degeneration in the spirit and policies of the Conservative Party that a few weeks ago I joined the Fascist movement. I did so because, though I disagreed with many of the aims of that body, it seemed to me

at the time that it was the only political organisation that was making any coherent fight against the menace of Socialism. I soon discovered that the Fascist Party had a strongly anti-Semitic bias with which I was totally out of sympathy, and that its policies were far more Left Wing than I had at first supposed.

* *

To Fight for India

"Meanwhile, a new force has emerged within the ranks of the Conservative Party which I believe may well be the salvation of that party and of its principles. Mr. Randolph Churchill's success at Wavertree and his intention to form a Conservative League, based upon true Conservative doctrine, engages my whole-hearted support.

"No one, in my opinion, is worthy of the name 'Conservative' who is prepared to lend his support to the Government's proposals for the surrender of our Indian Empire.

"I present myself to the electorate of Norwood as a supporter of Mr. Churchill in his fight to cleanse the Conservative Party from the taint of caucus management and to revive once more those Imperial doctrines which Mr. Disraeli proclaimed and which have been so lamentably betrayed by our present leaders."

* *

Moscow's Sinister Tricks

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's latest act of homage to his Moscow friends is to depute Sir John Simon to visit that sinister capital, after he has called in at Berlin. Russia's diplomatic objects are always tortuous and she is endeavouring to get England as well as France to guarantee her western frontier, so that in case of trouble with Germany we should be compelled by the Eastern Pact to go to war with Germany to defend the Bolsheviks. The reason, of course, is that she smells war with Japan before very long and wants to drag us in by the heels if she can. Such a pact would prove the last straw of this Government.

Outside of a handful of busy-bodies like Lord Marley, no-one in this country would dream of going to war to help Russia, whose collapse, indeed, millions would welcome under the present Soviet rule. Nor would they support for a moment any even indirect hostility to Japan, who was and could still be our valued ally, were it not that we are ruled by politicians who grovel to America, Russia, and all those who want to undermine our position in the world. To help Russia in anything is to help Russia to gain possession of India.

* *

Pacts of Pacifists

Lying behind all these diplomatic movements and gyrations stands one fact. We have a "National" Government which, like the Socialists before it, and the Baldwin Government before

that, has gradually weakened the defences of the country to such an alarming extent that the only way it thinks now it can insure some meed of safety *when Germany is ready* is to go cap in hand and try to negotiate terms all round. The pacifism of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the wretched *soi-disant* Tories he has duped now has to seek refuge in pacts and none of these will be worth the paper they are written on when it comes to the hour of fate. If there is going to be a war in the East, our policy is to have nothing to do with it, and if Japan could defeat the Russian Bolshevik tyrants most people would rejoice heartily. Russia stands behind the Bolshevik-led Congress politicians in India, as she stands behind every effort to overthrow the British Empire.

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Russian Timber Scandal

Meantime, what is Mr. Runciman doing in regard to the new Russian timber contract? This is another of his precious agreements which give the Russians privileges to which they are certainly not entitled, and in doing so he violates the Ottawa Agreement and causes uneasiness and anger in Canada, who sees herself put aside for the benefit of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Communist friends.

Sir William Davison asked Mr. Runciman if he had had any protest from the Canadian Government and he said, "we have had no protest from the Canadian Government." Afterwards it was proved that he had received four official protests, including a cable from Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Premier. Is a Minister of the Crown entitled to make false statements of fact and get away with it? To ordinary minds it requires a great deal of explanation as to why the President of the Board of Trade opens the market to the Muscovites, and closes it to the Canadians, whose preference is threatened by these proceedings. Canada is full of timber she wants to sell us and she buys from us and pays. Russia is an enemy, buys as little as she can, and does not pay for what she gets. Perhaps Mr. Runciman can explain these remarkable evidences of affection for the Stalin gang at the expense of Canada. And, after all, why buy Russian timber at all?

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The Danger of the "Big Ship"

The collision between *Hood* and *Renown* off Spain is a very disconcerting matter, quite apart from the accident. They are our only battle-cruisers in full commission and have been out of action for over a month, while *Renown*, which has to hang about in Gibraltar until *Hood* is out of dry dock, will probably not be fit for service until the end of April. There was no dry dock to accommodate them for over 1,000 miles. These giants of the sea, costing anything up to seven millions,

sinking vast public sums, are extremely vulnerable targets to aircraft, and apart from their unwieldy size there are only three dry docks in the British Empire capable of receiving our largest ships. They are dependent entirely on oil fuel which has to be brought from abroad, and have not dual firing as have the French and Italian navies.

If *Hood* and *Renown* had collided when a war was on their fate would have been inevitable. Is it not time that these warnings should be heeded and that the vast millions spent on such vulnerable *colossi* were allocated to the building of an overwhelming Air Force? The "Big Ship" school is to-day utterly out of date and definitely dangerous.

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Herr Hitler Ready

Since his reply to the Anglo-French *communiqué* of February 3, which was the outcome of the London meeting, Herr Hitler has been graciously pleased to intimate that he is now prepared to withdraw the ban on discussion of the "complex," as he called it, of questions, plans and pacts apart from the projected Air Pact. He now foresees that the conversations and negotiations circling round these difficult and highly contentious matters are quite sure to give him all the time he wants for his own purposes. Nothing if not acute, he has given out that he is ready to welcome Sir John Simon in Berlin. It is a big score for Hitler, and his Press and propagandists generally are certain to make the most of it both at home and abroad. No doubt he will see that Sir John has a good time and is encouraged to talk as much as possible. But is it likely that he himself will have anything to tell Sir John that he has not told the world already?

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Bulldog Breed

An example to the youth of England, and a lesson to mealy-mouthed pacifists that the will to fight for King and Country is inherent in the race, is given in this letter, from an "Old Soldier."

This aspect of military service may interest your readers:

I joined the Army when 14 years old. I was fighting at Suvla Bay at the age of 15 and was discharged from the Army as being under age when 16.

I joined the Royal Navy soon after and was at sea with the Grand Fleet when 17.

When the war ended I was discharged from service—aged 18.

It is by no means an isolated example.

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To Japan

Good luck to you Japan;
You are a proper man,
You live on little,
But you are not brittle,
Not one who "also ran."

L.H.

How It Was Done

By the Saturday Reviewer

IT sounds incredible; but we know that it was done—and this is how it might have happened.

In the Foreign Office, in the lofty and dignified room of the Secretary of State, four men sat round a table.

They were all statesmen, or at least they were all politicians. Two we know very well, or at least we think we know them very well. There was Sir John Simon, who so completely embodies the Continental conception of the Englishman—plain, blunt, honest, straight-forward, simple, courageous, and there was—no less honest, no less forthright, no less patriotic—our worthy Prime Minister.

Facing these two typical British statesmen of the old school were two Frenchmen, one a big heavily-built fellow, over six foot, well-fed and

hangars all underground and fortified, impregnable to air-attack, their reserves of trained pilots, their enormous technical resources. What have you to meet them? Here is London, gigantic, defenceless. What can you do? What counter-attack can you offer?"

"There is the League of Nations," said Mr. MacDonald sententiously, "the opinion of the civilised wur-r-ld. It would not permit such an outrage."

"Is that your last word?" asked M. Laval.

Sir John Simon was one of those statesmen who never could say a last word. He had learnt this dislike from his practice of the law, where his skill in spinning out a case had won for him the admiration of the bar, to say nothing of the costs. He was about to be eloquent; but his chief waved



THEIR EXPRESSIONS TELL THE TALE

M. Laval

M. Flandin

The Prime Minister

Sir John Simon

jovial, fair and phlegmatic, a bit of a sportsman, a *grand bourgeois*, M. Flandin, Prime Minister of France; the other swarthy, velvet eyed, keen, with jet-black hair hanging rebelliously over his right eye-brow, such a one as we should not like to meet on a dark night in a shadowy lane of Paris. These first impressions cannot be justified: on the contrary, it was M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister.

"Well, I'm sincerely sorry," our Scottish Prime Minister was saying, "but my *coalleague* and I are in fir-r-m and complete agreement that there is nothing to be done. This great democracy believes in disar-r-mament, and as its head I can consent to nothing so reactionary as an alliance."

"But I tell you," said M. Flandin hotly, "you will be destroyed. We have proved it to you. We have shown you the true figures. There are the German aeroplanes, built and building, their air-

him aside: "We have said our last word," said MacDonald.

"And now," said M. Laval, leaning forward, as if about to spring, like a black panther, "we shall say ours. You have concealed the danger from your House of Commons and from your nation."

"My good *coalleague*, Mr. Baldwin, stated the facts to the House, and therefore to the Electorate," said our Prime Minister coldly.

"I state what we can prove," said M. Laval. "The speech of Mr. Baldwin was shown to the German Government before he made it. Your Ambassador was instructed to submit it. Herr Hitler flew into a rage and demanded that the figures of the German Aeroplane force be reduced by half. To all this you submitted. The figures given to the House of Commons were therefore the

German figures. You have never given your people the truth."*

"We shall deny it."

"But we can prove it. We can give your newspapers all the facts: we shall certainly publish them in ours. And consider, Messieurs, what this brave, and proud, and candid British nation will think of you then."

There was a pause. It was as if something had snapped in the tense atmosphere of the room.

"What you ask is impossible," said our Prime Minister weakly.

* M. Dehilotte, Berlin correspondent of the "Débats," stated that the speech which the British Minister was about to make in the House of Commons was first submitted to the German Government. "We add," he said, "rejecting in advance all denials, that the figures used by Mr. Baldwin on the scale of German military aviation were modified, reduced by half, on the desire of Herr Hitler, expressed to Sir Eric Phipps, Ambassador of Great Britain in Berlin." See the "National Review," February, 1935, p. 153.

"Parbleu!" said M. Flandin, with the geniality for which he was famous. "My dear friend, whom we all, in France, so much admire. Nothing is impossible to you."

"But an alliance, it is reactionary."

"An alliance, I grant you," said the florid Frenchman of the North, "an alliance is of course impossible. But suppose we call it a pact?"

The swarthy Frenchman of the South looked at the two opposite with beady eyes, as if measuring their very souls.

"Why, if you call it a pact," said our Prime Minister, "I am sure that my *colleague* . . ."

"If you had only made that proposal before," said Sir John, "there would have been no trouble. A happy compromise! Shall we call it the Air Locarno?"

"Call it what you like," said the Frenchmen, rubbing their hands.

Throwing India to the Wolves

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

THE decisive rejection by the loyal Indian Princes of the Government's proposals to associate them with the surrender policy has created an entirely new situation. The Government have now the opportunity of dropping this fatuous scheme. If they have any regard for the interests of the Empire and of India they will do so. But so far it looks as if they would obstinately cling to their policy. That raises the question—why since the war have we lost the spirit that made and maintained the British Empire?

The main reason is that those responsible for the maintenance of our Empire—Disraeli's first principle of Conservatism—have ceased to take counsel with the men who have done and are doing the work of administering our Empire, and in their place have turned to clever and specious theorists who pride themselves on taking an international rather than a national outlook.

Those men have never learnt the art of administration. That takes a lifetime. But, being fluent of speech and ready of pen, they have the advantage over the administrator. The latter knows his job, but is not an expert in framing constitutions.

We have in recent years seen the disastrous results of that policy in Egypt and Ceylon. But the most notable instance is India. Mr. Lionel Curtis and some of his Round Table colleagues were the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of Dyarchy, which every head of a Province in India denounced at the time as unsuitable and unworkable.

Ten years later, when the Simon Commission, after two years' investigation in India, had hammered out with the Central and Provincial Governments the basis of a practical scheme, their work was thrown aside by the Socialist Government.

British theorists and politicians with no know-

ledge of India, and ambitious Indian lawyer-politicians who have no real contact with the Indian masses—90 per cent. of the population—sat down in London in three Round Table Conferences to evolve *de novo* a scheme of future government for India.

The Simon Commission had laid down the sound principle that "*in India more than in any other country Government is administration.*" But in those three Conferences there was not a single member with a first-hand knowledge of civil, military, judicial or financial administration in India!

Not even a single member of the Simon Commission was admitted to these conclaves.

Even in the Joint Committee, on whose Report, following the White Paper, the present India Bill is based, of the 32 members there was only one with Indian administrative experience.

Is it to be wondered at that the resulting Bill, with its complicated machinery of checks and balances—giving with one hand and taking away with the other—its illusory safeguards, its cowardly attempt at bringing in the Indian Princes and asking them to face our enemies and theirs and to assume responsibilities from which we are running away—has been repudiated by all sections of Indian political opinion, is summarily rejected by the Princes, and is meeting with increasing opposition from independent Conservative opinion here?

But the scheme has its supporters among our theorists and idealists who possess an international outlook and are haunted with "the craven fear of being great."

Among them is the Marquis of Lothian, who was one of the Liberal representatives in the Round Table Conferences and on the Joint Committee. He has told the public in the *Daily Mail*

of 22nd February "Why I am an out-and-out White Paper Man."

His argument may be examined as typical of those who favour the policy of surrender. He starts by saying that "the great majority of those who have been familiar with India in the last ten years are in favour of what is called 'Surrender.'"

That is an unpardonable misstatement and one which has been repeated by Mr. Baldwin. Over 1,000 serving members of the Indian Civil Service, British and Indian, on June 2nd, 1933, presented to the Joint Committee, of which Lord Lothian was a member, a memorial stating "it is impossible to exaggerate the feelings of apprehension and anxiety with which this momentous change is regarded by many members of the Services," i.e., not only of the I.C.S., but the other all-India Services.

Since the Report and the Bill have appeared the anxiety of the Services has deepened into alarm; the memorial just received from the I.C.S. Association complains that their interests are being betrayed by the Government whose service has cost so many of them their lives!

Lord Lothian's next argument is that the Indian politicians, to whom we are abdicating, "are even more concerned with its (India's) good government and the happiness of its people than we are."

A British Achievement

Everyone with even an elementary knowledge of India knows that it is *we* who have rescued India from periodic invasions and chronic anarchy, and that whatever good government there is—and it is far in advance of that of any other Oriental country—is due to the British Crown and Parliament acting through those splendid Services—I.C.S., Police, Public Works, Irrigation, Forests, Agriculture, Education—all of which, except the first two, are doomed by the White Paper and the Bill.

The steel frame, which alone has given India such unity as she has and which now holds her together, is to be shattered and the interests of the masses sacrificed to the ambitions of Indian politicians.

Lord Lothian adds that to deny Indians any responsibility at the Centre and control of law and order in the Provinces would be contrary to our pledges and "drive the whole of educated India into bitter and universal opposition."

But the Report (para. 12) which he has signed states definitely that there are no pledges beyond the Preamble to the Act of 1919, which contains two main principles:

- (1) "The *gradual* development of self-governing institutions by *successive* stages;
- (2) "The time and manner of each advance can be determined only by Parliament, *upon whom responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples.*"

Clearly the intention of Parliament was that in *gradually* developing self-government we must not imperil good government. But Lord Lothian and the majority of the Joint Committee have ignored it,

Being politicians, they laid themselves out to satisfy only the Indian politicians who represent in their own words "only a small fraction of the vast population of India."

Even in this they have signally failed. No political body in India, much less the Princes, wants the White Paper and the Bill, but Lord Lothian dares to tell us that to refuse it will arouse "bitter and universal opposition"!

Behind all Lord Lothian's arguments stands *Fear*, based on the misconception that in India we are "aliens" and "stand for alien rule." Since the dawn of history India has been under the rule of successive "aliens." We happen to be the last of the conquering races: we have a stronger claim than any of those who preceded us, for we alone have given India security, internal and external, impartial justice, a progressive and efficient administration with low taxation.

India in Peril

Every one of these will be imperilled by Lord Lothian's White Paper, which ignores the 97 per cent. of the population who to-day have no vote and, according to Lord Lothian's Franchise Committee, "have shown no desire for it," the 92 per cent. who are illiterate, the 90 per cent. who live in villages—all of whom look to the British Government and the British official to carry on the beneficial work which has been the greatest achievement in our history.

In that great work we have more and more associated our Indian fellow-subjects—in the Executive, the Legislature and the Services. Lord Lothian tells us that to-day, out of "43 Ministers and Executive Councillors, 32 are Indians," while they have an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, a rapidly increasing proportion in the superior and an almost complete monopoly of the provincial Services.

Surely this proves we are fulfilling the 1919 pledge quoted above. His so-called Diehards are now willing to give them control of the whole provincial sphere, withholding Courts and Police till they prove their capacity to take them over. That follows the Preamble of the Act of 1919. But Lord Lothian and his friends would prefer to take a leap in the dark, to eliminate the British element *at once* from the Executive Government, both Central (outside the Army and foreign affairs) and Provincial; to reduce it almost to *nil* in the Legislature (in the Punjab Assembly of 175 the Bill proposes one British member); and completely to Indianise all the Services, except the I.C.S. and the Police, which have a five years' respite.

If this is not "Surrender," what is? It is worse, it is a base betrayal of our trusteeship for the Indian peoples, and especially of the 97 per cent. who are still minors politically and who look to us, as in the past, for protection against exploitation by the urban politicians to whom Lord Lothian and his friends would surrender our responsibilities.

Fortunately the wise decision of the Princes has come in time to arrest this fatuous policy.

A YOUNG WOMAN

In Mussolini's Palace

By Laura E. Marden

MY Italian friend gasped. "You have written to *him* for an interview? Impossible! He will never see you."

"But he will," I protested, "Il Duce welcomes foreign students. He has said so many times."

Two months passed and no word came from Rome. Then one day the landlady of my Florentine boarding house rushed up to my room.

"Santa Maria," she cried, "He has come for you!"

She stood aside to admit a magnificent man draped in gold braid and medals. He glanced around the room before he spoke. Then: "Signorina, I am the Prefect of Police, and I bring you a message from His Excellency."

Whereupon he handed me a card. It was the size of a small magazine with a red seal in one corner. The card informed me that Mussolini would grant an interview the following week.

When I arrived in Rome I called a cab and directed the man to Palazzo Venezia. The taxi driver slapped his knee and burst into a fit of laughter.

"So, Signorina, you wish to see Il Duce? And who does not?"

Irritated by his insolence I pulled out the official pass which was to admit me to Mussolini's private office. He blinked at it and instantly doffed his hat. When we came to the Palace he opened the door with great respect and refused a tip.

The Guards, however, were not impressed with the sight of a young girl coming towards them on foot. They examined my pass dubiously and held a consultation before one of them led me up the wide staircase.

The Famous Salute

Another guard took me into an antechamber—a huge high-ceilinged room swarming with attendants. The moment I entered they all stood to attention and gave the Fascist salute. I returned it awkwardly, blushing.

The next door led to another antechamber. Here, too, the sudden silence, the quick clicking of heels and the famous salute. This time I did not return it, hoping desperately that the guards would know I was a foreigner.

Eventually we reached the waiting room. I was waved to a chair and told to wait His Excellency's pleasure. An hour passed. Four distinguished, faultlessly dressed men emerged from Il Duce's office. They stopped by the table to collect their hats, and, turning, frankly stared. I might have been a woman at a bachelor's dinner! In a moment of panic I decided that I must have come to the wrong entrance.

Just then, however, a guard appeared at the door, bowed low, and said, "His Excellency is

ready." With pounding heart I rose and followed him through more antechambers, until we stood before the inner sanctum.

The door was flung open and I looked into a vast, empty room. Not a chair or a table, not even a rug, to help me make the long journey to that desk in the far corner!

As we entered I offered the Fascist salute. Il Duce jumped to his feet, clicked his heels and thrust out his right arm like a Roman emperor. The guard accompanied me to the desk and retired. I was alone with the Dictator of Italy.

I shall never forget that first impression of him. Much better looking than his pictures, certainly the man's eyes are his most striking feature. Dark brown, compelling eyes, with the whites showing all the way around. It looks as though he deliberately opened them as wide as possible, as a means of subduing and forcing his will on others.

France and Italy

In a moment that hypnotic stare softened. With a cordial smile Mussolini said good evening and invited me to sit down.

Il Duce first spoke in English, then carried on the conversation in Italian. Where, he asked, had I learnt the language? What was I studying in Florence? I explained that I was a member of a group of University students sent to study in Italy.

"But," he exploded, "France has more to offer than Italy! The French literature is much greater than our own." With blazing eyes and a twist of the mouth, he leaned back and waited imperiously for my reply.

"That may be true," I said, "But Italy certainly has greater art than France."

"Italy has more art than France?" he echoed in a thundering voice, "Ah, we have more art in one little village than the whole of France!"

Il Duce's voice relaxed. He went on to speak of Michelangelo.

"Michelangelo is one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known. He was author, painter, architect and sculptor, and excellent in all four arts. Have you ever seen such figures as he paints? Really incredible! And yet he was never satisfied with his work."

"Florence, of course, is a gem of art. Michelangelo's works, the famous Florentine palaces, the Pitti, the Uffizi galleries—and Giotto's Campanile 'rising beside the Duomo like a flower.'" He smiled again, a proud smile, at the thought of so much beauty within his own country.

When I asked if it had not been his idea to make Florence the educational centre of Italy, he replied thoughtfully.

"Yes, that is so. Certainly Florence is adapted to this educational task. You see I realised this,

for I founded the University there. The old Florentine school was not a University at all; merely a 'School for Superior Studies.' But we had to put off the carrying out of further plans because," his face saddened, "because we have no pennies."

I told Il Duce that the purpose of my interview was to ask for a short message to give to my fellow students. Immediately he asked me to take down these words:

"All foreign students who come to Italy to study will be welcomed as friends on the part of the Italian people, and as comrades on the part of the students. They will enjoy all the economic facilities possible, and all that can make their stay in Italy pleasant and profitable."

"They will have the opportunity to study the history and the culture of Italy profoundly; Italy, which had, after Greece, the oldest culture of any

country in Europe; and which, unlike Greece, had the merit of diffusing this culture throughout the world then known (that is to Africa, Asia, as far as Scotland, to the Danube and so on).

"These students will also have the opportunity to know modern Fascist Italy, this Italy about which there are too many prejudices and fantasies. They will have the chance to see all the works of art of ancient times, of the time of the Empire, of Christianity, of the Renaissance, and of Fascist Italy—not to mention the charming panorama of our beautiful country."

"The sojourn of these students, giving them the chance to get to know and to understand the true Italy, will contribute towards fortifying the bonds of friendship which, happily, exist between your country and Italy."

When he finished the message, Mussolini rose to his feet, indicating that the interview was over.

BOMBAY

Generosity or Madness?

By Sir Lionel Haworth

MR. BALDWIN, that eminent Conservative leader, and student, and follower of Disraeli, has decided to give India away, even though his action must result in the break up of the party he is reputed to lead. He regards his India Bill as more important to him than keeping out the Socialists.

But why is he handing over Bombay and the Island it stands on?

The Moghuls conquered India some 400 years ago. On the decline and the final break up of their empire the country sank into anarchy and became the prey of every raider, every petty chief. Viceroys, Princes, and Mahratta generals fought to extend, and to consolidate in independence the territories they controlled, while the British, in defence of the rights which they held by firman from the Emperor of the decaying Empire laid the foundations of the British Empire in India.

The Viceroy of Hyderabad, became, with the assistance of the British, the senior Prince of India. The Mahratta heads of raiding bands became the Maharajahs of Gwalior, Baroda and Indore. The British conquered the Mohammedan Tippu Sultan and handed his territory over to the former Hindu dynasty. Kashmir, the fifth of these, the greater States of India, was at a later date presented by the British to its Hindu ruler. We freed the Rajput states from paying tribute to the Mahrattas who overran them; we stilled the anarchy and brought order into chaos in the territories which are now British India. Thus British India and the Indian States were born.

But the Island of Bombay has no part in this tale. Bombay was already British. It has had no Indian ruler for over 400 years.

The Portuguese obtained possession of Goa and the Island of Bombay before the Moghuls conquered their Empire, and it was the Portuguese

who gave Bombay to Charles II as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza in 1662. Charles in turn handed it over to the East India Company on an annual lease of £10. The Company maintained those rights until 1858 when they reverted to the Crown when India was taken over by the Queen to be administered for her by a Secretary of State.

When the British occupied the Island of Bombay it was an unhealthy district with a population of a few thousand fishermen. But British security and British trade attracted Indians to the Island and in a few years the town had acquired a population of 60,000. The Indians had come because it was British. To-day the city, one of the fairest in the British Empire, has a population of 1,161,383.

The Islands of Salsette and Elephanta which overlook the harbour were obtained by treaty from Mahratta Chiefs in 1782.

Bombay is as British as Gibraltar. The Indians have no more claim to it than they have to the Portuguese possessions of Goa, much less claim than they have to the Indian States.

Why surrender it?

One of the weakest points of the India Bill is that if Communal disturbances break out, as they continually do, if Hindus and Mohammedans devastate the country with their wars, and proceed to reduce it to the condition in which we found it, our neutral power of control has been weakened if not destroyed by the loss of command of transport and communication. We have no base from which to stay the disruption.

Bombay is an ideal base for our Navy and our troops. If kept as a British Colony it can enter the Federation when and if the Indian States do so and it will give us the security which at present we do not possess.

Why make the Indian Constitution a present of it? Generosity can reach the limit of folly.

Another Russian Ramp

By Robert Machray

IT was always certain that little time would pass before the Soviet Government of Reddist Russia, though now regarded as "respectable" at Geneva, would be at its old tricks again in this country, for this is one of the cases where the Ethiopian does not change his skin for the simple but sufficient reason that he is Ethiopian—and can't. The Soviet is what it was—and will so remain. Our besotted Socialists indeed make this perfectly clear, whatever else they do or don't do.

Last Saturday the *Daily Herald* gave as much first-page prominence as possible to an article on "Russian Gold For London—City Chiefs Planning Big Loan Issue." A more modest headline read "Soviet Contracts May Give Work To 250,000," and, below that, were the words "Five-Year Credit Scheme Is Needed." All of the above was based on the announcement—which was published in most of the other newspapers—by the Soviet that it had decided to stop all gold consignments to the United States and make London henceforward the main destination of Russian gold.

According to the Socialist organ, this is the "first step in important Anglo-Russian developments which may eventually lead to employment for 250,000 British workers." No other paper made a similar comment. After remarking that Russia was now the second most important gold-producing country in the world, the *Herald* deduced two things from the Soviet's statement: the first was that Russia's gold would enable the Soviet to place immediately in Great Britain substantial orders for machinery and plant on a cash basis; and the second, which was pointed out as being the more significant of the two, was that the way will thus be paved for the negotiation of a five-year loan that, it was declared, the Soviet was anxious to raise in London.

A Black Record

So this is what it all comes to—a big loan! No wonder the Soviet is anxious to raise that loan, nor is it the first time by a long chalk that it has had the same sort of anxiety. The record of its financial operations both in England and with our nationals in Russia is so well known that it might be said to stink in Heaven.

In the circumstances, then, one might think this loan is just a fancy story, a pipe-dream imagining, but there is more in it than that, for an essential feature is that, if the loan can be floated, orders can "immediately be placed with British firms on so extensive a scale, it is claimed, as to lead to the absorption of 250,000 of the unemployed within three months." Was there ever such utter nonsense? True, the *Herald* tries to save itself by interlarding the stuff with "it is claimed," but none the less the effect desired is there—the glitter-

ing bait is held out to the British unemployed. But what cruel nonsense it all is, since it is so completely misleading. The pity is that some poor, hapless souls may be taken in by it.

Why is it that this gold is coming here? What has taken place is that, as I noted two weeks ago in the *Saturday Review*, the United States, whose position in this matter is not very different from that of Great Britain, has refused to grant a loan to the Soviet, because the latter declined to pay anything towards defraying its debts to America; in revenge the Soviet no longer sends gold to the other side of the Atlantic, and so the gold is coming here.

America's Mistake

When America recognised the Soviet more than a year ago she was in reality making a big political move, as she supposed, against Japan, and she dispatched a huge diplomatic and consular staff for service in Russia to impress both the Russians and the Japanese, but she has reduced it very considerably since the break over the debts and the loan with the Soviet, and Japan now "has the laugh on her."

Further, if the Soviet has such a lot of gold, what does it want to borrow for? What is behind its anxiety for a loan here? To give employment to a quarter-million of British workers within three months? A reader of the *Herald* might almost think so. It is perhaps to feed the starving millions that are perishing throughout Red Russia? Well, no doubt the Soviet has plenty of good-enough reasons of its own. For instance, there is that enormous Red Army about whose existence and strength Molotoff and Tuchachevsky exulted when addressing the All-Union Congress of Soviets in the Kremlin at Moscow a short time ago.

It is not of the slightest use to say that that huge Army is not a menace to us. For, only last Saturday, on the occasion of the seventeenth birthday of the Army, Karl Radek, the Soviet's chief Press mouthpiece, stated that the more "Imperialists shouted about Soviet armaments," the more would the Red Army be strengthened.

For many years the Soviet denounced England not only as Imperialist, but as *the* great Imperialist Power. It may suit Moscow to forget what it said just at present when the furtherance of the Eastern Pact, with perhaps a visit from Sir John Simon in prospect, is its main preoccupation. Still, the British Empire remains a great political fact—the greatest in the world; all said and done, it is Imperialist—or it is nothing. And the Soviet knows that well enough, and never can be anything but our enemy. But, alas! in these drab, demoralising days of pacifism and internationalism so many of our people suffer from the "craven fear of being great."

Eve in Paris

AUTHORITIES felt a sense of relief when after spending twenty-four hours in Paris, Dr. von Schuschnigg and Baron von Berger-Waldenegg embarked for England.

On the whole the French entertain very kindly feeling towards Austria, believing that her defenders are also the defenders of European peace. It was desired to give the Austrian Chancellor, and the Austrian Foreign Minister a hearty welcome; but M. Leon Blum and those he rules had other views. His paper the *Populaire* denounced M. Schuschnigg's Government as a clerical and Fascist tyranny, oppressing the workers and persecuting M. Blum's co-religionaries; and Paul Faure, speaking for the Socialist and Communist Parties, announced a monster meeting at the Gare de l'Est, to greet the "Bourreau Schuschnigg" with demonstrations of hate.

Their intentions were frustrated, for the visitors' carriages were side-tracked to a small suburban station, where M. Flandin and M. Laval awaited them. The party then drove rapidly to the Hotel Crillon where they occupied the rooms prepared last year for the unfortunate King Alexander.

Safety for honoured guests is of course the first consideration, but French people feel indignant at the terrorism exercised by a minority and humiliated at being compelled to smuggle in visitors, by the back-stairs as it were, unable to rely on order being kept in their capital.

M. des Isnards, Conseiller Municipal, has written to the Prefet de Police, demanding the arrest of M. Blum for instigating insults to the head of a friendly Foreign Government, reminding him that a French citizen who insulted M. Flandin, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

TWO manifestations last week showed the feeling of France's legislators towards granting votes for women.

The Senate again opposed this reform. The Chamber called a meeting to discuss the question, few deputies troubled to attend, and failing a quorum the matter was adjourned. M. Bonnefous demands that such obstruction should be made illegal.

The Luxembourg, stronghold of "la Maçonnerie," dreads feminine influence, believing it would strengthen the Clerical Party. Next May, however, Municipal Elections take place, and on their result depends the fate of the Senatorial Elections held in the Autumn, when younger and less prejudiced candidates may unseat the ancient adversaries of Feminism.

Meanwhile the *Matin* has taken up the Cause of Women, calling for a referendum on the subject. Crowds fill the newspaper's big offices recording

opinions, overwhelmingly in favour of female suffrage, and men like M. Cherau of the Goncourt Académie declare the present disabilities of Frenchwomen a disgrace to their country.

THE passing of G. Lenôtre is a loss to French Literature in which he held a high position, notably as the creator of "La Petite Histoire," which is really history told with a marvellous knowledge of intimate details which lend it colour and animation.

Theodore Gosselin, employed at the Ministry of Finances preferred to write under a pseudonym, and chose the name of his ancestress, daughter of Lenôtre, Louis XIV's famous gardener. His memory was prodigious also his power of work; performing official duties for forty years he found time to study incessantly, write books and become a brilliant journalist; contributing masterly articles to the *Temps*. His early plays were acclaimed by Sardou, who advised his friend to devote himself to the Drama. Fortunately for history, Lenôtre knew his true vocation.

He lived in Rue Vaneau, in an old-fashioned apartment on the fifth-floor, quiet and airy, where he had space for his books and many souvenirs prized for their associations—trinkets that Marie Antoinette had touched, a clock belonging to Louis XVI and fragments of the curtains from his prison, a toy of the little Dauphin's, and posters used during the Revolution inscribed "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death!"

Lenôtre was a big, strongly-built man with a hearty laugh and a genial manner, but was very timid except with intimates. Adrien Hébrard insisted on the historian presenting himself as a candidate for the Academy, and left him at an Academician's door to pay the customary visit. Fetching him later Hébrard enquired "Was Mézières pleasant?" "Yes, yes," replied Lenôtre, but confessed after awhile that he had sat upon the stairs too shy to make the call. In spite of his modesty he was elected.

He was working just before his death on "Parisiens sous la Terreur," a curious and fascinating book which will soon appear.

GREAT fashion houses have issued invitations to view Spring Fashions and smart ladies sit in religious silence gazing at incredibly slim Mannequins wearing the newest fabrics and designs. Warm coats and skirts, indispensable at this season, are made of tweed or serge and worn with high shirts and mannish collars, considered chic, if not becoming; evening gowns are in exquisite tissues, laces, silks, tulle, lacquered, with glittering glass threads or gold patterned, favourite colours being larkspur blue, vivid violet, or yellow. Novelties are the high waistline, the full skirt, the revival of the fan.

Crocodile Shooting — — Has Its Thrills

By "Mannlicher"

OF all the wild beasts that still exist in this too-civilised world, I suppose the crocodile is the one whose total disappearance would cause least regret. A survival from the age when the giant lizards ruled creation, he seems quite out of place in our modern scheme of things. Hideously ugly and often a danger to human life, he is even more repulsive to most minds than the snake. But there is no living creature whose habits and nature cannot become intensely interesting the more we know of them, and even the loathsome crocodile is no exception.

Crocodile hunting will probably be scorned by any true big game hunter—they are always dismissed as vermin in any account of hunting in Africa. But when one is stationed in a fairly lonely district in the mangrove belt of Malaya, and only able to snatch a few hours at a time away from one's job, there are worse ways of fighting monotony than by hunting the wily crocodile.

Even though it may not seem a very noble game, this sport will call for the three qualities that make any form of hunting really worth while—a knowledge of the habits of the quarry, infinite patience and the ability to put up with discomfort and disappointment, and fairly steady nerves when taking one's shot. Add a spice of danger at times and you get a very good cure for the "blues" which attack everyone now and then in a dreary type of country some way from the nearest club.

THE NIGHT HUNT

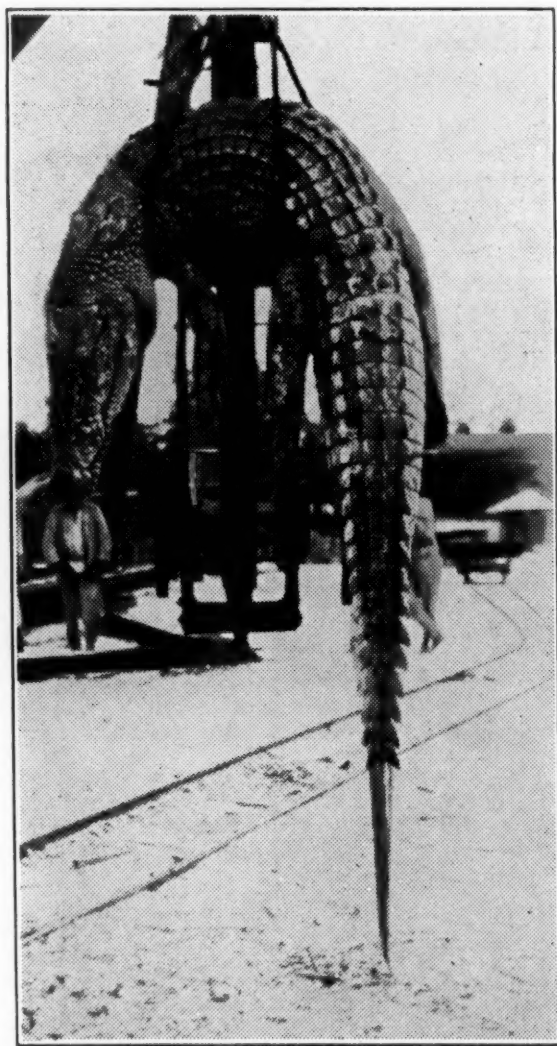
You can go after your croc. by day or night—you will get most chances at night and that is the best time to hunt if you are keen to get a good skin. You send the "boy" down to the river to tell Ahmet to have a *prau* ready in an hour's time and see that the croc. spear is ready with a new rope fitted.

In your oldest khaki clothes you set out, provided with a strong electric torch and armed with a 12-bore shot gun—lethal ball in one barrel, buck-shot in the other (a smooth bore is a better weapon than a rifle after dark, when sights cannot be clearly seen). Ahmet paddles from the stern of the *prau*, Latif squats in the bows, torch in hand and spear ready. You crouch behind Latif and follow the beam of light which he plays first on one bank, then on the other.

If you have been doing much shooting lately the chances are you will lose a night's sleep for nothing, for the croc. is a wily beast and soon learns to look after himself. But there is always a fascination in gliding slowly along, with only a slight gurgle from the bows of the *prau*, the muffled sound of the paddle, and now and then a low-voiced word of direction from Latif in his musical Malay. After dark the peaty water looks black and forbidding, the mangrove roots take on strange, startling shapes, and the occasional

"klip-klip" trees studded with fire-flies make the gloom of the swamp behind seem even blacker. You become drowsier and drowsier and curse yourself for a fool for wasting another night cramped up and devoured by mosquitoes when you might be at ease in the bungalow in a clean sarong with a good meal in front of you.

Suddenly (everything happens suddenly when



hunting at night) Latif stiffens like a pointer, the beam of light from his torch comes to rest on a spot low down on the edge of the stream about fifty yards ahead, and a dull red light, reflected from a croc's eye, brings you kneeling behind Latif, the safety catch of your gun snicked off. Ahmet ceases his paddling, save for an occasional stealthy guiding stroke, at your muttered direction—"Kiri-kiri-kanan sedikit." The *prau* glides

slowly and noiselessly forward toward the unwinking red gleam which still shows ahead. Latif's arm stiffens as he grips the spear and the gun comes slowly to your shoulder—a hoarse whisper from Latif, "*jangan tembak—jangan tembak nanti lagi*" (don't shoot—don't shoot yet), a quite unnecessary warning, as you have learned by many disappointments not to fire until almost on top of the croc.

Latif, however, never trusts you—to-morrow he will be a respectful "*kepala*" in charge of a gang of coolies, Ahmat will be your watchman and both will give you the respect due to their Tuan. At this moment we are just three savages in a boat creeping up to a dangerous reptile.

This last tense approach to a crocodile takes, I suppose, about thirty seconds—it always seems hours. To fire too soon is useless, as even if hit mortally the beast will get into the water and be lost. If you delay your shot too long some slight movement or sound from the boat may break the spell that keeps the huge reptile's eyes fixed on the light, there will be a startled plunge, a wave on the river and the croc. is lost. You will sit back dumb with rage and disappointment, while Latif lays down the spear with a long-drawn "*Aahmbooi*"; the sound most expressive of wonder, disgust or any other feeling that man can make.

But, you have to risk that, and sit motionless as the *prau* glides slowly nearer the croc. who

lies with head raised, staring as if bewitched at the torch. Twenty yards—fifteen—twelve—the hideous head is clearly visible now, resting on a stranded log just clear of the water, the huge gnarled body awash and the spined tail stretching back out of the circle of light thrown by the torch. Ten yards—the brute becomes suspicious, turns his head slightly, ready to slip into the water. Your finger which has been tensed on the trigger during this last approach, closes almost without any voluntary action on your part and the shattering crash of the shot is followed by a plunge and splash which flings mud and water into your face.

A triumphant yell from Latif, "*sudah, sudah, Tuan,*" as he raises the spear to stop the croc's dying effort to get under water. The tail appears, thrashing from side to side, then the head, jaws gaping and the white skin of the throat exposed above the muddy water. The spear is driven home and the barbed point gets a good grip. The croc. thrashes about madly and it is some time before his head can be hauled clear of the water. He has a gaping wound in his skull, but another shot is fired into his head to make sure, the body is allowed to slip back into the river, and we wait ten minutes before attempting to haul him aboard our rather frail craft. The life dies out of these cold-blooded saurians very slowly, and to have a twelve foot croc. come to life and "*wag his tail*" in a fifteen foot canoe on a pitch-black night is an experience to be avoided.

Hedges and Hedging

By The Hon. James W. Best

I SOMETIMES wonder if those who take their pleasure in the country and occasionally grumble at the obstruction of the view by hedges realise what a great expense their maintenance is, more particularly in the western counties where they are many and the growth in them high and dense.

Of course, there is great variation in the type of hedge in different parts of the country, from the flying fence of the Midlands with precious little bank, to the banks and the impenetrable jungles that cover them in the grass country of the west, where fields are small and fences huge.

It stands to reason that the smaller the fields and the bigger the fences the greater is the cost of their upkeep. Do people realise what the cost is? The new fashion and theory of grazing rests on intense stocking, small fields, and frequent changes of ground. To carry it out the fences must be properly kept up.

In recent years the cost of hedging has been excessive; as the result, we see the growth long and thin, with hollow places beneath through which, unless stopped, cattle "*rigg*." So the gaps must be filled; posts and rails are put across; sometimes it is a hurdle, or perhaps a few brambles are thrown in, or, worst of all, a strand of barbed wire which is soon overgrown, hidden, and a terrible source of danger to man and beast.

Ten years is considered the limit of time before a fence needs attention. In those ten years the growth has become hollow, the rabbits have knocked down the banks and the ditches are choked. The farmer has to face the bill of maintenance, and it is heavy. A fence with a two-foot ditch and three-foot bank costs half a crown a perch to put in order. A ten-acre field in West Dorset is above the average in size. A simple calculation shows that the fencing costs of a 640-acre farm comes to at least £64 a year—£100 would probably be nearer the mark, because all the fields are not of exactly the same size, the fences are not straight and the fence that I have described is by no means the smallest.

Hunt committees in some counties give generous prizes for the best fenced farms; occasionally individual members of the hunt do the same through local agricultural societies, which is a great help and encouragement to the farmer. Then there are fencing competitions for the men, and it is surprising what keen rivalry there is for the honour of holding the fencing prize for the district.

I have seen thirty men at work for seven hours ditching, banking and "*plashing*" two perch of fence with a bank three to four feet high. They not only finished it, but they tied up the "*snoddle*" into faggots. They had earned five shillings each and a drink of cider that few would grudge them.

For NEW Readers

The
1932

Correspondence between Lady —Mr. Neville C

FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE

£200,000 OFFERED BY LADY HOUSTON

"ENGLAND IN PERIL"

ECONOMY AT EXPENSE OF SAFETY

LADY HOUSTON, in a letter to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1932 made an offer of £200,000 towards the cost of national defence.

The text of her letter was as follows:—

"Beaufield, Jersey,
"April 9, 1932.

"DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,
"On the sad heart of Mary—Queen of England—sorrow wrote the word 'Calais.'

"On my heart love has indelibly written the word 'England,' and this love of my Country makes me bold and not afraid to speak the truth—for the truth is ghastly—England is in deadly peril—her pride has been dragged down into the dust by Socialism.

"When I read the terrible news that our Forces of Defence—already far, too far, below the safety mark—are again to be the victims of what only Socialists can call 'economy,' my spirit was heavy and oppressed, and every fibre of my being cried out against this further treachery to us and to our Fighting Forces.

"No, No, No! Mr. Chamberlain. You must not allow this to be called economy. *This is not economy. This is a base betrayal of the people's safety.* To leave our homes and our children unprotected—while every other country is feverishly arming—is a Socialist invitation to our enemies to come and destroy us.

Widened Gulf

"It is sad to notice how Conservatives have widened the gulf between themselves and their Policy—for it is Socialism and not Conservatism that stands for dragging down our Navy, Army and Air Force. In Webster's Dictionary, Conservatism is 'preserving and guarding the safety of the State and conserving its Institutions.' The Navy, the Army and the Air Force are its chief institutions.

"England—formerly the envy and admiration of the whole world—is treated with contempt and disdain, even within the Empire, as witness the revolt in India, Ireland and Malta.

"But, claw by claw and tooth by tooth, Socialists have been permitted by Conservatives to make the British Lion powerless to protect itself, and it is now like a toothless old lap dog that can yap but cannot bite.

"When the British Navy was Mistress of the Seas and was so called because it always rushed to the help of all who needed help no matter what their nationality, Peace reigned in Europe, for our glorious Navy ensured it.

"But this happy state of affairs did not please the

Socialists, and our soldiers and sailors—our pride and our valient protectors—have been hounded down to beggary and the Dole.

An Old Hymn

"These verses of an old hymn haunt me day and night:

Christian seek not yet repose
Hear thy guardian angel say
Thou art in the midst of foes
Watch and pray.

Principalities and Powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours.
Watch and pray.

"Ponder for one moment, Mr. Chamberlain, and I think you will agree that no clearer warning could be given you of your grave responsibility—for you are the watchman answerable to God and to your Country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?

"Weary and sore distressed after meditating deeply for many months, again and again I have prayed to God for advice, and I have asked Him if I am right in fighting in my poor weak fashion for the glory and welfare of England, and always the answer is—'Yes, you are right. Fight on.' Therefore I know that what I am writing to you now is an inspiration from Heaven to say what I feel I must say, to urge you to save Britain from the terror of Invasion, Famine, Pestilence and Slavery.

Russian Menace

"For the Russian Five Year Plan has only one more year to run, and Russia will then have an army, trained by Germans, of thirty million men and women. The vast hordes in China are also receiving military training by German officers—who are hand in glove with Russia—and thus, before we know where we are, War may be forced upon us.

"Is this the time for the defenders of our country to be starved and depleted and the country left bare for the enemy?

"A million of money has been voted for Dole palaces, and work is actually in progress to build new Labour Exchanges at a cost of £700,000, while County Councils are given *carte blanche* to pile up every extravagance waste can suggest and are encouraged to fritter away millions of money that should be spent in protecting us.

"But deeds are better than words, and so, instead of sending you a cheque for £40,000 for Income Tax, I now offer you £200,000 towards the five million required for our protection, so only nineteen times as much as my gift is needed to make up the five million necessary—a paltry sum to ensure the safety of the Nation—and I appeal to all, both rich and poor, to find it, for surely there is not a man or woman in England who will not echo my cry, 'Hands off economising on our Navy—our Army—and our Air Force.'"

The 932 ly Houston and— e Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer)

LADY HOUSTON'S GIFT DECLINED

"IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S REASONS PARLIAMENT AND EXPENDITURE

Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a letter to Lady Houston, declining her offer of £200,000 towards National defence, stated:

It appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day, and subsequently approved by Parliament.

In reply, Lady Houston maintained that she did not suggest the money should be left to Parliament to allocate, adding:

I can only reiterate that the money I offered was not a gift to the Exchequer, but was for the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's letter, written from the Treasury, was as follows:—

"DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

"I much appreciate the spirit which has prompted you to offer a sum of £200,000 to supplement the resources of the Exchequer upon the understanding that other patriotic donors raise the amount to £5,000,000. If I do not feel able, as suggested in your telegram, to take active steps to support an appeal of this character, it is because I share the view taken by my predecessors in other similar connections that gifts to the Exchequer should be left to be prompted by the spontaneous wish of the donors. It is the fact, as you are no doubt aware, that at all times in recent years, and particularly in this period of crisis and stress, many donors have generously contributed to the resources of the Exchequer of their own free will.

"A more difficult question is raised by your proposal that your contribution should be applied to a particular object. There are, of course, cases where private benefactions may very properly and most usefully supplement or replace public expenditure. Your part in the last Schneider Trophy contest reminds me forcibly of that fact. But, in the sphere of the essential State services, Parliament alone is in a position to appraise the priority of competing claims and from time to time to allocate the limited resources of the Exchequer in the manner most conducive to the general interests. The

responsibility of advising Parliament on these matters is one of which no Government can divest itself, and it is a duty in which all Governments must retain freedom of action and decision. For this reason it appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day and subsequently approved by Parliament.

"Accordingly, I venture to hope that, should you decide to proceed with your appeal, it will be made on the basis that the Government shall decide to what purpose the resulting funds shall be applied."

Money Allocated for the Forces

LADY HOUSTON'S REPLY

Lady Houston sent the following reply:—

"DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,

"Please forgive me—I evidently have made a mistake—I thought you were a Conservative—but I cannot imagine a Conservative refusing my offer of £200,000 for the Army—Navy—and Air Force—so ungraciously. I wonder whether you have consulted them?

"You have read my letter incorrectly—as in the first line of your answer you say that I—'Offer the sum of £200,000 to supplement the resources of the Exchequer'—but, if you read my letter again, you will find that I do not offer this money to 'supplement the resources of the Exchequer.' I offered it specifically for the Army—Navy—and Air Force.

"You then say—'Upon the understanding that other patriotic donors raise the amount to five million'—but this I must again refute—as I did not stipulate that 'other patriotic donors' should raise the sum of five million.

"What I did say was—'I now offer you £200,000 towards the five million required for our protection—so only nineteen times as much as my gift is needed to make up the five million necessary—a paltry sum to ensure the safety of the Nation—and I appeal to all, both rich and poor, to find it—for surely there is not a man or woman in England who will not echo my cry, 'Hands off economising on our Army—our Navy—and our Air Force.'

"So you see, that in both these instances you have quoted me inaccurately.

Previous Gifts

"You then say in your letter—'If I do not feel able to take active steps to support an appeal of this character, it is because I share the view taken by my predecessors in other similar connections that gifts to the Exchequer should be left to be prompted by the spontaneous wish of the donor.'

"But both your immediate predecessors accepted large monetary gifts from me—for instance, the Schneider Trophy was a gift from me of £100,000—in order to make it possible for our Airmen to compete in the Race. This was very gladly accepted by your immediate predecessor—and the Treasury, perhaps—if you inquire

—will still remember my very insignificant gift of £1,500,000—given to a former predecessor of yours—Mr. Winston Churchill.

"So—Mr. Chamberlain—it is very easy for me to prove that your letter is full of inaccuracies.

"You next say—'A more difficult question is raised by your proposal that your contribution should be applied to a particular object. There are, of course, cases where private benefactions may very properly and most usefully supplement or replace public expenditure. Your part in the last Schneider Trophy contest reminds me forcibly of that. But in the sphere of the essential State services, Parliament alone is in a position to appraise the priority of competing claims, and from time to time allocate the limited resources of the Exchequer in the manner most conducive to the general interests.'

"I must again prove you to be wrong—as I did not suggest that this £200,000 should be left to Parliament to allocate—I must again remind you that I allocated this money for the Army—Navy—and Air Force—and no mention was made of it being a gift to the Exchequer and, therefore, when you continue by saying—'The responsibility of advising Parliament on these matters is one of which no Government can divest itself, and it is a duty in which all Governments must retain freedom

of action and decision,' I say by all means when the donor leaves it to the Government to decide.

"Keeping Our Flag Flying"

"No question of the Government deciding comes into this matter. But you force me to again reiterate the fact—that the £200,000 I offered was offered specifically—for keeping our Flag flying—and to help the Army—Navy—and Air Force—in their dire need and necessity.

"Your letter ends by saying—'It appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day and subsequently approved by Parliament.'

"But I can only reiterate, and reiterate, and again reiterate—that the money I offered was not a gift to the Exchequer—but was for the Army—Navy—and Air Force.

"And when you say there is no precedent for this—you are again wrong—for I made my own precedent when I gave £1,500,000 to Mr. Winston Churchill—who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer—and again when I gave £100,000 for the Air Force.

"SO YOU SEE—MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I HAVE TAKEN YOUR LETTER LINE BY LINE AND WORD BY WORD—AND TORN YOUR ARGUMENTS TO SHREDS."

A Hoare Frost

[Reprinted from last Tuesday's Morning Post]

THE Indian Princes decline to enter the Federation proposed in the Government of India Bill. Their resolution is unanimous. Need we point out what this decision means to the Government of India Bill? The Secretary of State, on the 2nd December, 1931, laid it down as "the first condition" that the responsible government at the centre must be "an All-India Government, representing both British India and the Indian States." Again, on the 27th June, 1932, he said:

"... No one can... say that an All-India Federation Bill can be produced until we know in detail and for certain that the Indian States are going to be an effective part of the Federation."

Still again, on the 27th March, 1933, speaking of the Princes, he said:

Their accession in sufficient numbers is a fundamental condition of our proposals.

By that time he had whittled down his pledge to "half the population of the States, and half the States entitled to seats in the Upper Chamber." But he repeated his pledge in this modified form: "The effective accession of a sufficient number of States is a fundamental condition of the whole of our proposal."

Why was this pledge given? It was given to reassure the House and the nation. If so staunchly loyal a body of friends of the Crown and the British Empire were made part of this responsible Government, there could be no danger in it. The Princes could be relied upon to serve as a balance against the Congress. Such was the reassurance which underlay this oft-repeated and solemn pledge. On this basis the Joint Committee was appointed; on this basis the Bill was framed. Government speakers at the meeting of the Conservative Central Council in December gave the impression that the Princes were eager for Federation. Over and over again we ventured to warn the Secretary of State that he was building upon false foundations; that the true opinion of the Princes had been misrepresented at the Round Table Conference; that when they were faced with a scheme so dangerous to their very existence, they would recoil—however much they might desire to please the Viceroy.

We said this with some confidence not only because we knew the minds of these good friends of the British Crown, but because it was plain to us, as it must have been plain to them, that this fantastic scheme was fatal to everything they held dear, to their own dynasties, to the true interests of their people and to the British

Empire in India. For offering this candid counsel we received such thanks as is usually given to friends who offer advice which is both wholesome and unwelcome. The Secretary of State, with a headlong infatuation, persisted in his ideas. He asserted over and over again that it would be "all right on the night." They would proceed with the Bill, and in due course, as he assured everybody, they could reckon upon the adherence of a sufficient body of Princes. In pursuit of this chimera he risked everything, the safety of the Indian Empire and the security of the National Government. All who counselled caution, all who pleaded for prudence, shared his censure. Lord Salisbury, Lord Lloyd, Sir Henry Page Croft, all such good and true Conservatives were accused of plotting with Mr. Churchill some dark design against the Government.

Now the plain truth is out, and it is clear that Sir Samuel Hoare must have been either deceiving himself or his colleagues. It is possible, too, that he was relying on the effect on the Princes of that pressure and persuasion to which Major Courtauld and Lord Lymington have testified. For this reason, we should not be surprised to see an attempt to persuade Parliament that the unanimous decision of the Princes does not matter at this stage—that their doubts will be set at rest when individual instruments of accession are negotiated. We venture to warn Parliament against accepting such an argument.

Whatever the reason for the hopes of the Secretary of State, there is no doubt that upon his representation that the Princes could be induced to support his scheme his colleagues were led into this wretched *impasse* of an India Bill which neither the Princes nor Congress, nor any political party in India will accept. By a too docile acceptance of the Socialist Indian policy, and by this cardinal error of judgment, Sir Samuel Hoare has been the immediate cause of the split in the Conservative Party, and has thereby brought the National Government, which all had otherwise been willing to support, into this danger and disrepute. Resignation seems to be the natural step for him to take, for it is impossible to suppose that, in face of the pledges which we have quoted and others of a similar nature which star the pages of Hansard and the Press, he can retain his office and proceed with the Bill. As for the Bill itself, were it, even now, to be withdrawn, a load would be lifted from the back of the Government, and a disaster to it and to India, otherwise inevitable, would be averted.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

THERE have been few stranger historical characters than the daughter of that great military commander, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

It may have been a Baroque Age into which she was born—on that point her biographer Herr Neumann is insistent—but Christina was certainly the most grotesque figure in it.

She was a veritable blue-stocking, making all knowledge her province; but her learning was of little practical use to her. As Queen she loved to dress as a man and seemed proud of her masculinity. Yet she was not without her feminine weaknesses and whims.

Her Eccentricities

Europe had cause to laugh at the by no means graceful Swedish Queen practising ancient Greek ritual dances and at her rather erratic efforts to introduce a new culture into her kingdom. Then there was the sensation of her sudden abdication—for no other reason than that she was tired of the whole business of reigning.

From Sweden she went first to France, to abuse French hospitality by the callous execution of a member of her own household, and then on to Rome to become the loving mistress of a Cardinal and the chief intrigant at three Conclaves, to compose her *Pensées* and to dabble in alchemy, while often thrashing her chemical expert with a cane!

If Herr Neumann is very far from being blind to Christina's many faults and failings, his biography of her is all the more admirable and just on that account, and the interest of the book is enhanced by its really fine illustrations.

Two Good Autobiographies

For twenty years Sir Lionel Earle held the post of Permanent Secretary at the Office of Works and the main part of his autobiography, now published, deals with the many varied experiences that fell to his lot during his tenure of that appointment. His book is enlivened by a series of delightful anecdotes.

Bishop Welldon's reminiscences will doubtless specially appeal to Old Harrovians, for naturally enough he has much to say about public school life and in particular about the famous school of which he was Headmaster. This part of his book is informed with sound and shrewd comment. But one may doubt whether many of Bishop Welldon's readers will be able to share with him his belief in the realities of a Yellow Peril.

Exploring the Desert

"Libyan Sands" is a book that one can heartily recommend to those who have not lost their taste for joyous adventure. It is the vividly

written record of efforts by a party of young officers to recapture some of the memories of the Great War when Ford motors patrolled the fringes of the Libyan desert and motor transport hurried to and fro across wire roads between Egypt and Palestine. Many of the old motor ways had fallen into disuse, but what mattered that to these young and enterprising explorers.

The Future of the Army

In "The Army In My Time" Major-General Fuller reviews the military changes and events that have occurred since 1878 and puts forward a vigorously worded plea both for more thorough mechanisation and for the co-ordination of mechanised arms with naval and air defence.

Mrs. Wagner was by birth an Englishwoman, but she married a German before the War and has resided in Germany ever since. She writes without bias, giving us interesting impressions of war-time and post-war Germany.

THE NOVELS

Of the novels listed below the first is a powerful, gripping story, while the second is remarkable both for its clever characterisation and its clear presentment of an extensive background. Mr. Guy Gilpatric follows closely in the W. W. Jacob tradition in his amusing story of a bibulous ship's engineer; Mr. Minney tells a tale of the Calcutta he knows so well; and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes skilfully mixes mystery with a penetrating psychological study of a woman tried for murder. "Terror Ship" is an excellent thriller.

Non-Fiction:—

Biography: "The Life of Christina of Sweden" by Alfred Neumann, with a title page in four colours and 12 other illustrations (Hutchinson, 18s.); "Turn Over the Page," by Sir Lionel Earle, with ten illustrations (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "Forty Years On," by Bishop Welldon (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.).

Travel: "Libyan Sands," by Ralph A. Bagnold, with 37 illustrations and four maps (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.).

General: "A Farm for Two Pounds," by Harold Baldwin (John Murray, 7s. 6d.); "The Army in My Time," by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller (Rich and Cowan, 6s.); "Germany In My Time," by M. Seaton Wagner (Rich and Cowan, 6s.).

Fiction:—

"The Furies," by James Hanley (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.); "Christian Marlowe's Daughter," by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Eyre and Spottiswoode); "Castle in Andalusia," by Elizabeth Sprigge (Heinemann); "Young Pasquier," by Georges Duhamel, translated by Beatrice de Holthoir (Dent); "Mr. Glencannon," by Guy Gilpatric (Lane, the Bodley Head); "Distant Drums," by R. J. Minney (Chapman and Hall); "Exit Mrs. Banks," by Eric Hazelton (Secker); "Parade of Virgins," by Eliot Crawshaw Williams (John Long); "Strange Journey," by Maud Cairnes (Cobden Sanderson); "I Meant No Harm," by Nellie Tom Gallon (Heath Cranton).

"The Chianti Flask," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Heinemann); "Terror Ship," by Charman Edwards (Ward Lock); "Bars of Gold," by Geoffrey Ellinger (Heritage); "The Dartmoor Mystery," by Maurice B. Dix (Ward Lock).

All the above are 7s. 6d. with the exception of the first.

Jamaica A Century Ago

OF the many books that have been published about Jamaica during British occupancy, the "Journal" kept by Lady Nugent, who died just a hundred years ago, is probably the most interesting, and the publishers' description—"Biography, Comedy, Pathos, Tragedy" is well justified. ("Lady Nugent's Journal," Edited by F. Cundall, The West India Committee, 7s. 6d.)

Lady Nugent, wife of the Governor, resided in Jamaica from 1801 to 1805, and her diary, written for her own amusement and that of her children, gives an extremely frank and intimate account of the daily life in Jamaica in the early nineteenth century, the more vivid because it was intended for private circulation. She seems to have been a delightfully human little lady, with a keen sense of humour and a naive interest in the customs of the country, and especially in the strange meals. Certainly the *ménus* sound unusual. For instance:

"Our dinner, at 6, was really so profuse that it is worth describing. The first course was entirely of fish, excepting jerked hog, in the centre, which is the way of dressing it by the Maroons. There was also a black crab pepper-pot, for which I asked the receipt—it is as follows: a capon stewed down, a large piece of beef and another of ham, also stewed to a jelly; then six dozen land crabs, picked fine, with their eggs and fat, onions, pepper, ochra, sweet herbs and other vegetables of the country, cut small; and this, well stewed, makes black crab pepper-pot."



SLEEPING OUT TONIGHT!

—The mere thought makes one shiver and appreciate still more the comforts of home.

TO-NIGHT, huddled in doorways, dark corners and on benches, many poor homeless men and women will be enduring the cold in silent misery.

Hot Food, Warm Shelter and help by work can be offered by the Church Army only with your help.

£5 will shelter and feed 100 homeless men or women for a night.

Please send what you can now to
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.,
55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

But the Journal also proves its author to have been observant and shrewd: on the question of slavery, then still prevalent, she remarks:

"As far as I at present see and can hear of the ill treatment of the slaves, I think what they say upon the subject is very greatly exaggerated. Individuals, I make no doubt, occasionally abuse the power they possess: but, generally speaking, I believe the slaves are extremely well used."

The book makes entertaining reading, and in addition, with its sketch map and illustrations, forms a valuable authentic record of the times.

Biology and its Teaching

By Louis P. W. Renouf

MESSRS. A. J. Lauwerys and F. A. Baker's little book ("Education and Biology," Sands & Company, 5s.) is far more than its title suggests, for in order to show up biology in its correct relationship to other subjects in the school curriculum the authors have very wisely considered it essential to consider the philosophy of teaching in general before treating of the special philosophy of biology as a school subject.

Their work, therefore, ranks as a definite contribution not only to the teaching of biology but to teaching as a whole, and authors and publishers alike are to be congratulated on its production.

Though, as the origin of the book—largely papers read before annual meetings of the University Catholic Societies Federation—shows, the standpoint taken is an essentially Catholic one, it is one which must be shared by the majority not only of Christians but of theists of all kinds, and which must be considered even by professed agnostics and so-called atheists.

Since the vitalistic attitude is maintained, and though it is to my mind substantiated, mechanists will possibly be inclined to quarrel with the whole of the book, but, if they will read it in the same spirit as that in which it was quite obviously written, I am convinced that even they will agree that it is a genuine contribution to both pedagogy and biology. The preface and first three chapters, especially the third, will interest most thinking people, as will also Appendix two, which gives a short classified bibliography. Chapters four and five and Appendices one and three will be found invaluable by teachers of biology.

Many biologists will no doubt find, as I have found, numbers of minor points on which they disagree with the authors, and most readers will note a certain number of misprints, but in spite of this everyone will appreciate the very great value of the practical suggestions as a whole, especially of the chart of inter-relations which forms Appendix one.

One would like to see at least the first half of the book read by everyone, especially teachers, both lay and clerical, and parents, who have the handling of children and young people. This applies especially to Chapter three, which fearlessly states and discusses the moral and religious objections to the introduction of biology into the school curriculum, and the four main problems—the vitalist-mechanist controversy, the treatment of sex, the teaching of evolutionary theories, and the real meaning of biology—which arise therefrom.

ART IN THE SALEROOMS**DAY OF SMALL PICTURES**

By James A. Kilpatrick

THAT this is the day of the small picture was again demonstrated at Christie's when the collections of Sir Godfrey Macdonald of the Isles and other owners realised £20,600 last week. The set of four little Watteau-like groups by Nicholas Lancret, about which there has been much speculation, sold remarkably well at 3,700 guineas—nearly £1,000 each for pictures measuring only 14 in. by 11 in. A festive Jan Steen of convenient size fetched 2,400 guineas, a Van Goyen landscape 2,100 guineas, and a half-length Reynolds portrait of the Viscountess Dudley and Ward 1,000 guineas.

The vogue of the small painting has also brought a steady demand for drawings. Birket Foster's little landscapes often fetch hundreds of pounds each, and I have even seen those of postcard size exceed £100. Turner drawings are, of course, of high value.

This week a score of John McWhirter's sketches, mostly of scenes in the Highlands and collected by the Scottish painter's friend, Rev. G. H. Turner, were sold at Sotheby's; and many other collections of drawings are included in coming art sales at Christie's. There is, for example, John Constable's sketch of Stoke Poges Church, where Gray wrote his famous "Elegy." It was drawn by the painter to illustrate an edition of Gray's poems.

Several other drawings are by R. P. Bonington, who, with Constable, produced an extraordinary impression upon the French landscape painters of their day. Both profoundly influenced Corot, and it is of interest to recall that the first picture exhibited by Corot at the Salon was hung between a Constable and a Bonington.

"Grangerising"

The art of extra-illustrating books, originated by James Granger nearly three centuries ago and now popularly known as "grangerising," still continues to attract collectors. The "Diary" of Samuel Pepys and Boswell's "Life of Johnson" are favourite books for the exercise of this form of hobby. But I have just seen for sale at Sotheby's a comparatively modern book so treated. It is F. G. Kitton's "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," published in 1890, and it has come out of the late Mr. Frederick Crisp's library.

This little work has been expanded to three volumes by the addition of ninety original autograph letters of Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and Leigh Hunt, and such contemporary artists as Landseer, Holman Hunt, Cruikshank, and Maclise. The two latter were among Dickens's illustrators, and Maclise's portrait of the novelist is familiar.

One of the Dickens letters makes reference to the railway accident in 1865 by which he was much shaken, not by his injuries, but by the "terrible experience" of helping to extricate the dying and dead.

MOTORING**CAN CARS BE CHEAPER?**

By Sefton Cummings

THERE was a time, a few years ago, when the greatest mark of immediate progress was the hundred pound car. Various firms were always "just going to put one on the market" and one or two, if I remember rightly, actually did. The point was that, for some reason or other, the £100 car was looked upon by the public, probably because it had been told so by the press, as something almost miraculous in the way of cheapness.

Certainly this period was followed by a tendency very much like a price war; but during the past two years these tactics on the part of manufacturers appear to have ceased. Instead, there has been competition to produce a better article for the same money and to provide the maximum number of accessories.

How long this will continue it is difficult to say but there seems an indication that attempts will again be made to reduce considerably the price of motor vehicles, or rather to produce a really cheap model. After all, there is still a public which cannot quite afford to buy a motor car at present prices, which has not yet been touched.

Motor-cycle or Car?

Information comes from Germany to the effect that a car may shortly be produced which will compare in price with a light motor-cycle. This, of course, would be a stupendous reduction on anything that has been achieved so far. Whether, however, it will wean the motor-cyclist from his first love will depend largely upon the performance of the new product.

Other factors must also be taken into consideration. One of these is the question of accommodation. It is unlikely that the greatest reduction in car prices would tempt motor-cyclists to make an exchange which involve them either in garage fees or in building costs.

It does not seem on the face of things that the forty or fifty pound car would be a commercial proposition in this country. A car at such a price could hardly compare with a motor-cycle in performance or reliability and the margin of profit would have to be so small that, unless an immense market were secured, which is doubtful, it could not become a profit-making venture.

But for the car priced at between seventy-five and a hundred pounds, which would attract the side-car combination owner, there is, I think a case. It would certainly not be so fast as the powerful motor-cycle, even with a sidecar, and so would fail to attract a certain class of customer; but to the family man it should offer increased amenities which would counterbalance any increased cost of housing, insurance, or running.

It seems fairly safe to assume that a car at this price will make its appearance fairly soon and, if competition from abroad supplies the necessary impetus to starting production, then such competition can be said to have been a healthy tonic to the industry.

CORRESPONDENCE

The India Bill Spells Disaster

SIR,—I have the best reason to know that the Norwood Conservative Association thinks that the best it can do about the India Bill, is to have a candidate who is prepared to press for amendments necessary to strengthen safeguards.

Having served in the Indian Police, I, on that account, consider the whole trend and policy of Government to be utterly disastrous to the cause of law and order in India, and do not believe that any amendments can do more than minimise such disaster, and only that if they are drastic.

The amount of sheer lying about the contentment of the Indian Police with this Bill has been perfectly damnable.

Even for voting for amendments, should Government not accept them, we must hope for a man, single-hearted in his country's cause, not a sheep, nor just a puppy dog sitting up and begging for a bit of something for himself.

Some nations have practically abolished their Parliaments. When I look round, even over no more constituencies than I can see from the Crystal Palace, I feel that among the things to wonder at, in the world, this abolition is certainly not one.

The only decent spot is our own constituency here, the rebel of long and honourable standing against the sacré Central Office.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, Sydenham.

Watch Your Indian Investments!

SIR,—May I be permitted to draw the attention of your readers, particularly those who are acting as trustees, to the grave risk they will be running in the near future by holding Indian stocks and shares of any description.

When once we have abdicated power in India, that unhappy country will speedily degenerate into a state of chaos and we may be sure that all loans, etc., will be repudiated and the railways will very likely cease to run. In any case they will cease to pay dividends and their stock will become valueless.

Trustees are under a moral obligation to protect the interests of those for whom the trust is administered and have no right to jeopardise the capital. There are plenty of safer trustee securities, and trustees would be well advised to transfer their Indian holdings at an early date before the market begins to crumble.

M. G. SANDEMAN,

Cobbs, Fordham, nr. Colchester.

Major (Retired).

Buchanan and MacDonald

SIR,—I have read your report of the rather mixed description which Mr. Buchanan applied to our revered and beloved Prime Minister, almost with tears for human ingratitude.

Mr. MacDonald is leading Mr. Baldwin by the nose to draw the Conservative Party into a disgraceful ruin. What greater service can he do the Socialists?

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

Orleigh, Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.

Deals and Dealers

SIR,—While agreeing with Mr. M. Willis when he says that we do not want a "New Deal" but a "Fresh Pack," may I add that we also need a "new dealer" and "new dealers."

L. W. MURRAY-YEOWELL.

34, Sidney Street, S.W.3.

Let Us Be Truly Air-minded

SIR,—Would you permit me to suggest that one of our good resolutions in Jubilee Year is that henceforth we shall as a nation give to British aviation, upon which so much of our future happiness and security depends, the

encouragement of public appreciation and public support?

We have disparaged our air achievements long enough.

Even responsible journals have, in this important matter of presenting the accomplishments of British civil aviation in their true perspective, shown a tendency to become irresponsible. Your great journal is, if I may say so, an outstanding exception.

I am not claiming that we are perfect. Far from it. I shall, if you will permit me, suggest a few directions in which our civil aviation system might be improved. But I do maintain that it compares for safety with that of any nation in the world. None has finer pilots. None covers such a vast range with greater regularity than Imperial Airways, to whom be all praise. All that is now required is to raise the speed of their machines with more frequent services on our Empire air routes and extend these routes wherever possible.

Our aircraft industry to-day is still second to none. If it is informed in a clear way what it is required to do, it will not fail us. This is shown by its production of high speed Schneider Cup machines, large boat type seaplanes and the machine with the most meagre acceptance tests, which won the England-to-Australia race.

Of late, the Air Ministry has been giving the air industry a much freer hand, but even now many think it is hampered by too much restriction. Specifications should be clipped. In our present state of air development there is no sense in issuing pages and pages of specifications.

The specification for the first Sopwith torpedo aeroplane—hundreds were ordered towards the end of the war—consisted of five lines.

Profiting by Our Spade-work

The question is, however, often asked how it is that the Americans have forged ahead of us in obtaining better performance with their latest machines. The answer is simple. The fault does not lie at the door of our own industry. During the War we accumulated in Britain a large amount of air technique, thanks to the hard work of our skilled scientists. This, with our best machines, was placed freely at the disposal of the Americans during the War. We did the spade-work and they reaped the benefit at very little cost.

In order that the American inland air services should compete against their own railway system they have to be fast. Comfort is a secondary consideration, whereas Imperial Airways have to operate over "backward" countries and must provide comfort.

After the War we had to economise, whilst America expended millions and millions of dollars of taxpayers' money in developing their air routes, not only across the United States, but on both sides of South America. Money was lavishly spent on research work.

It is true that we very wisely pursue a policy of putting safety and reliability before the attainment of mere spectacular feats of speed. Even so, I suggest we would be wise to build a full-sized wind tunnel like the United States have done at Langley Field, and the French at Chalais-Mendot, for aero-dynamical research work. The wind tunnel at Farnborough is on the small size.

Research work, to be of value, must find its way to the productive side of industry. It is short-sighted policy to reach great heights in tabulating scientific data that nobody wants or uses.

It is now for our very able Director of Aeronautical Research and his staff to go one better than the research laboratories in America and give to the air industry that practical help that is needed to bring into production the best machines in the shortest possible time. The time factor is most important.

MURRAY F. SUETER,

Chairman, Parliamentary Air Committee.

House of Commons.

CORRESPONDENCE

A British Empire Legion

SIR,—As a regular and interested reader of the *Saturday Review* articles, letters, etc., upon the subject of "The British Legion Scandal," would the present time provide an opportunity to form a great Association, by enrolling, or calling upon ex-Service men throughout the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Wales, Northern Ireland, and especially that noble and gallant army of ex-Service British Irish Loyalists, scattered throughout the Irish Free State, to enrol themselves into a British Empire Legion in honour of King, Country, Flag and their service leader, Douglas Haig.

Lady Houston, I feel sure, could draw up the Charter of Incorporation, and appeal to all public-spirited British men and women to come together under the British Standard, with the four National quarterings, to assist their fellow countrymen in distress by practical useful assistance.

Business men, industrial, commercial and professional, could be the "Council of Action," with one day of every year to be devoted for the sale of a suitable emblem made by the employed ex-Service men of the British Empire Legion.

Workrooms could be established in various cities and towns throughout the British Isles, and an opportunity given for distressed British Irish Loyalists to be employed in Northern Ireland, and the United Kingdom.

The organisation, production and distribution of their produce, or manufactured articles, can be accomplished, and on the day selected for the sale of emblems, I feel certain the patriotic generosity of the general public, shops, and stores displaying their wares by reserving a window for one week each out of the fifty-two, will maintain the practical interest, while the British Empire Legion could defray the cost, or give supplies of the necessary literature and display cards.

A Mighty Army

Now come on, Lady Houston, and you will have a mighty army corps march behind the British Standard in the name of King, Country, Empire and Douglas Haig, that will eclipse anything which has been done, and "Left undone."

May I submit instead of the Flanders (foreign) Poppy, red in colour and reminder of the past, that the emblem be the British Forget-Me-Not, blue in colour for True, as the "Emblem Day," distinction, to be the reminder of that Future which carries Faith and Hope on its mission, to be dispatched and for sale in every part of the British Isles, Dominions, Crown Colonies, Indian Empire, and all foreign parts where British residents are.

I make these humble suggestions and submissions as a loyal Scotsman, who came over from Canada to Glasgow, travelling over 4,000 miles at his own expense on the outbreak of hostilities, to serve his Motherland immediately to the full, till the termination of the Great War.

"VERITAS VINCI."

Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1.

Delayed Legion Inquiry

SIR,—I have been following with the keenest interest the Legion articles in your *Review*, and particularly the correspondence about the delayed inquiry into Legion affairs in Scotland.

We in the South were given to understand that Captain Pinnington's indictment—and from all accounts a lengthy and most serious indictment it is—had been accepted *in toto* by the National Executive Council and that the Annual Conference determined to hold an inquiry at once.

That being so, it is only right that the public should be informed of the reasons for the delay. I will only add that those responsible for the delay are doing incalculable harm to the Legion.

ANGLO-SCOT.

The Memel Question

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. E. J. Harrison on the Memel situation in your paper of January 19th, may I put a few things right?

It is true that, not the Treaty of Versailles, but the Memel Convention created the autonomy of this territory. But indirectly the Treaty of Versailles is to be blamed also for this fact because it forced Germany to give up Memel.

The Allies did not know what to do with Memel for fully three years—till Lithuania simply annexed the Memel territory. Only then the Memel Convention was concluded in Paris on May 8th, 1924.

The first article of it hands over Memel to Lithuania under the condition that it fulfils the obligations of autonomy.

The present conflict has only arisen because Lithuania has very badly violated these obligations—of autonomy—that are the foundation of the whole Memel Convention.

The Memel territory has never been Lithuanian, and the majority of the population are German by race and tongue.

The Memellaenders do not want an alteration of the present state of affairs by a Putsch; they want only the preservation of their autonomy rights. They are willing to become loyal Lithuanian citizens, if these rights of autonomy are kept.

BARONESSE VON DER GOLTZ.

Rogzow, über Belgard, Pers. Pom.

Dumping of Foreign Flour

SIR,—Because Continental millers need strong Canadian wheat to mix with their own soft wheat for milling purposes, British millers are having to compete with steadily increasing imports of flour from the Continent, sold here at prices in many cases less than a third of the prices at which it is sold in the countries in which it is manufactured.

In order to obtain the necessary credits to buy Canadian wheat, the Continental millers in question are being permitted to import strong wheat without the payment of duty, provided a corresponding quantity of flour is exported.

German flour sells in Germany at 57/- a sack of 2½ cwt., but here it has been bought during recent months at 12/6. French flour sells in France at 54/-; here it can be bought at 15/6.

And if the flour imported were milled in this country there would be an additional 4.5 million cwt. of freshly milled offals available for our farmers, with a consequent lowering of prices.

How long is this state of affairs to be allowed to continue? Country millers in particular are suffering, and many of them tell me that they are threatened with bankruptcy.

Against dumping of this sort a ten per cent. duty obviously is useless. What is wanted is immediate Government action to end the scandal.

J. A. CHRISTIE, M.P.

House of Commons.

The South Norwood Election

SIR,—There is a splendid opportunity for every true Conservative to vote for Mr. Richard Findlay, the Conservative candidate who is true to the great principles of Conservatism.

This important by-election can be and must be a great victory after the lead given in Wavertree.

Mr. Randolph Churchill, from lack of time, did not come out on top of the poll, but the drive given there will surely result in success for Mr. Findlay against the counterfeit candidate who has no right to call himself by the title Conservative when he fights for the Socialist Prime Minister, whose India policy can lose us the Empire.

WIN THIS.

London.

Six Golfing Shots by Six Famous Players

Edited by
Bernard Darwin

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OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

BROADCASTING

IDIOCY OF THE STUDIO AUDIENCE

By Alan Howland

SOMETIMES in my idle moments I consider a few of the more stupendous errors into which the B.B.C. has ingenuously fallen. I say "ingenuously" because nobody willingly makes an ass of himself. Among the major idiocies of the B.B.C. I place the Studio Audience. Nothing irritates me more than to hear other people laughing at something which I cannot see or to realise that they are seeing a joke which I have not heard.

The official reply to this complaint is that certain artists who are used to appearing on the Variety Stage find it easier to broadcast when they are faced with a visible audience. In view of the fact that the normal listening audience does not consist of more than four persons, this is to say that a comedian or a lecturer finds it easier to speak to four people when he is in the immediate presence of two hundred other people. Anything more ridiculous it would be hard to imagine.

From Giggles to Guffaws

The truth is that there was one reason for the admittance of audiences to the studio and an entirely different reason for the continuance of the practice.

In the early days of broadcasting at Savoy Hill there were so many members of the public who wished to "see the wheels go round" that, somewhat reluctantly, the powers that be allowed certain people to be present during the broadcast of a revue or variety performance. They were more or less passive onlookers from whom one occasionally heard a hastily-smothered giggle.

By degrees the artists themselves got used to the presence of an audience and unconsciously tried to make them laugh or applaud. By even more rapid degrees the organisers of the programmes began to gauge the success of a broadcast by the laughter and applause to which it gave rise in the studio.

It is easy to see where all this has led. Nowadays, nearly every variety performance is ruined—if it is possible to ruin a B.B.C. variety performance—by the indiscriminating deadheads who are out for a cheap evening at the St. George's Hall. They scream with delight at the antics of a comedian, they go into raptures over the indifferent tap-dancing of the Twenty Terpsichorean Twins, and the listener has seen nothing: he is in the dark about it all.

The inevitable result is that bad artists think they are good and the B.B.C. pundits imagine that every programme is a success. In point of fact the man who has paid for it all is sitting at home wondering what it is all about or vaguely twiddling the knobs in the hope of finding something sane on the Continent.

MUSIC NOTES

SADLERS WELLS AS A TONIC

By Herbert Hughes

WHILE Covent Garden has been swaggering with its list of foreign artists—some a little *passé*—who have been engaged for the forthcoming Jubilee season it has been refreshing to pay another visit to Sadlers Wells where there is less *réclame* and no visible snobbery. The revival there of Auber's *Fra Diavolo* is worth going many miles to see and hear. It is some years since that delicious comedy-opera has been produced in England; the sparkling wit of a typical Scribe libretto and the characteristic superficiality and charm of Auber's music had been too much for recent syndicates. The simple fact is that it is all-of-a-piece, with no room for a ranting (and over-paid) tenor or a too conspicuous prima donna. It is a thing to be enjoyed for its own sake, not specially for the personalities associated with it; and the present company assembled at Sadlers Wells accentuates the value of team-work above everything else, which is precisely why the production is to be so much admired.

Limitations

Auber must have been one of the oldest composers who have deserved the name of creative artist, his last work, *Le Rêve d'Amour* being produced in his eighty-eighth year. *Fra Diavolo* is his masterpiece, and the new English translation by the versatile and untiring Professor E. J. Dent, of Cambridge, is probably the most workable thing possible in our tongue. Certainly it has all the natural rhythm of a home product—without too much homespun.

The title rôle was played on the opening night by Arthur Cox with a lively sense of comedy within the limitations of rather formal opera; he did not descend to the easier methods of musical comedy of our own brand. The same may be said of the performances of Edith Coates as Lady Allcash (the wife of the English Lord who gets involved in *Fra Diavolo*'s little schemes) and Ruth Naylor as Zerlina, the innkeeper's attractive daughter. Both of these ladies sang and acted with great ease and charm, the latter in particular never forgetting that an aria is a thing to be sung even if it has also to be acted.

There is, I think, no better producer of opera in England to-day than John B. Gordon—within the limitations he has perforce been set—and an interesting feature of this production was the collaboration of Hans Strohbach of the Cologne Opera, an old confederate of Mr. Gordon, who designed the scenery—a thing of joy. The scenery was made by Harry Clifford and painted by Simpson Robinson; the ladies' costumes were designed and executed by Maria Berz; an "anonymous friend" presented both scenery and costumes; and Frau Berz and Herr Strohbach gave their services. Here is collaboration of a delightful kind. But the English singer is not eclipsed.

CINEMA

MORE HISTORICAL ROMANCE

By Mark Forrest

GRADUALLY, but surely, the cinema is wending its way down the centuries and the stream is approaching the whirlpool of our own times. We have seen recently Christina (of Sweden), Catherine (of Russia), Christian (of Denmark), Voltaire, the Guillotine, and now at the Curzon is Marie Louise (of Austria) who is the heroine of a picture with the somewhat cumbrous title of *So Ended a Great Love*, the love is that of the Duke of Modena, and the intervener is Napoleon.

When Buonaparte defeated the Austrian army so severely at Wagram, he made it a term of peace with Francis I that he should have an Austrian princess for a bride. Josephine was over forty and as Napoleon was determined that he should have an heir, there was nothing else to be done then except to divorce Josephine and find a suitable substitute. It is at this point in history that this picture begins, but what historical truth there is in what follows I have no knowledge. According to the script the brother of Marie Louise's stepmother, the Duke of Modena, is sent by Metternich to woo Marie Louise for Napoleon, and the result resembles that which was invented for King Mark le Tristran when he went in similar guise to woo Isolde. There is, however, no tragedy here in the ending for the love is sacrificed for the country and Marie Louise, obeying the commands of her father and Metternich is shown marrying Napoleon by proxy in Vienna.

A Sensitive Performance

Marie Louise has always appeared to me to be a very stupid woman, but Paula Wessely makes her out to be anything but that. Here is a sensitive performance and one is grateful for a face that is not moulded on rigid American lines. It is Gustav Gruendgens, however, as Metternich, who really moves the film. Whenever he is on the screen, the pace increases, and the added velocity is badly needed for there is altogether too much coming and going with innumerable flunkeys wasting time. Willie Frost, whose work in lighter things is very well known, here has his first serious part; he plays the lover with plenty of tenderness, but he has not quite enough weight for the more sombre scenes.

The film is beautifully mounted, some of the exteriors being particularly lovely and the photography throughout is fine. The tempo of Mr. Harte's direction is too slow, but apart from this fault, excellent.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

WILLY FORST'S Viennese Sensation of Europe

"MASKERADE" (A)

with Paula Wessely.

THEATRE

THE MAN WHO FORGOT

"Man of Yesterday"

St. Martin's

By Dion Titheridge

JEAN BOMMART'S story of a man who, as the result of an accident, loses his memory and imagines himself back in the days of the World War is a fine bold piece of work. It would, I think, have been even finer if he had faced the real issue at the conclusion of the play. The man has completely forgotten his wife and fallen in love with his nurse, with whom he finally decides to go away. But in the absence of a scene between the three characters one is left with a feeling of uncertainty. If his amnesia persists both women must live on the edge of a volcano; if it is cured, what is to become of either of them? The ending is the one weakness in an excellent play excellently translated.

Mr. Leslie Banks is the ideal person to portray the staccato nervous tension of the man trying to accustom himself to a world of which he remembers nothing. His childlike fumbling with that, to him, strange implement the dial telephone was a perfect piece of sensitive acting. Mr. C. V. France gave quite a beautiful performance as the brain specialist, full of restraint and quiet dignity. Miss Ann Todd was charming as the nurse and Mr. H. Bromley Davenport gave one of his inimitable sketches by Boz. Mr. Campbell Gullan's production and the settings by Leon Davey deserve the highest praise.

"Youth at the Helm"

Globe Theatre

By Hubert Griffith

The beauty of farce is that, if it is a good farce it defies criticism. What use is it to say that no young man, however forceful his personality or however persuasive his manner, could ever insinuate his way into an important position in a bank despite the fact that his very existence was not dreamed of by the chairman and directors? It is enough that Mr. Owen Nares does so before our very eyes. What useful critical purpose could be served by pointing out that banks, on the whole, are not controlled by amiable lunatics who have not the slightest idea what business is being transacted in their names and over their signatures? This particular bank was, and that is sufficient.

Mr. Nares is exuberance itself as the thrustful interloper and he receives excellent support from Mr. Walter Hudd, as the precise suburban secretary whose position in the firm he usurps, from Mr. O. B. Clarence as the beautiful but ineffectual chairman, from Mr. Alastair Sim as the saturnine and not too trustworthy director and from Miss Kay Hammond as a typist. Anyone who, after seeing this play, does not immediately (a) make himself managing-director (unpaid) of Consolidated Bathbricks, Ltd., or (b) remove his account from his bank, is not a true lover of farce.

"Stop Press"

Adelphi Theatre

There is much to be admired about Mr. Clifford Whitley's revue and much to laugh at, but it leaves one with a slight sense of disappointment.

Perhaps one had been led to expect too much, or perhaps it does just fall short of being first-rate. Certainly Mr. Hassard Short is no disappointment. He has devised at least three exquisite scenes in "Beauty Reflects Itself," "Echo of Former Romance," and his final "Sepia Supplement." It is only rarely that one sees the lighting resources of our modern theatres exploited to their full extent so artistically.

Some of the sketches, too, are quite amusing if rather—shall we say—unconventional. When the dancing is in the hands of Margaret Sande and Florence Chumbecos it leaves nothing to be desired.

But I was disappointed in the Hollywood Girls, in Edwin Styles and in Phyllis Monkman. The girls did not seem to me to do anything which any fairly well trained troupe could not do; Mr. Styles was competent but lacks personality, and Miss Monkman was simply out of her element. All the heavy work fell on Mr. Laurence Anderson who rose manfully to every occasion. In short, a good revue which I feel could have been very much better.

The Lithuanian Ballet

Alhambra Theatre

Glazounoff's "Raymonda" is not at the best of times an exciting work. It consists of slabs of mime interspersed with divertissements of a not very engaging character. Had it been performed by a brilliant company, it might have been bearable, but as things were, the less said the better.

C.S.



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This is a photograph taken in the kitchens. Every night three hundred or more, young boys, men and women come here in search of food and warmth and any other help that we can give. Since January we have served approximately 20,000 meals. We are open every night at 9.30—wet or fine. Can you help us to carry on?

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The Empire Week by Week

Lord Sempill in Australia

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

LORD SEMPILL, that most celebrated of private pilots, is winging his solo way home after flying to Australia for the Melbourne Centenary celebrations and covering about 14,000 miles by air in Australia and New Guinea.

He has preached the gospel of flying to audiences throughout Australia. He has hurled brickbats as well as bouquets at the state of aviation in the Commonwealth. The cordiality of his reception and the respect accorded to his views deal a blow at the widely-held theory that Australians are hyper-sensitive to criticism.

His infectious enthusiasm, his imperturbability in the various—and temporarily alarming—mishaps he encountered on his long tour, made business as well as flying organisations anxious to hear the views of so practical an exponent of private flying.

His chief grievance was the obsolescence and inadequacy of maps of the hinterland provided for airmen. This, he said, was a serious obstacle to cross-country flying, especially in a vast land containing so much featureless territory with towns so far apart.

Lord Sempill spoke out of the bitterness of personal experience. He several times lost his way, though no more inconvenience resulted than the necessity of camping for the night beneath the wing of his machine. Away from the frequently-flown routes, too, the airman can look for little assistance from maps. Lord Sempill complained of a non-existent island appearing on his map of the North Queensland coast on his flight to New Guinea.

These grievances have from time to time been expressed by Australian airmen, but, coming from so distinguished a visitor as Lord Sempill, they have obtained much wider publicity.

I am glad that Lord Sempill has made more widely known the achievements of the aviators of New Guinea. The world knows little of their feats in this forbidding mandated territory—"Australia's Empire."

In developing the goldfields, Guinea Airways alone have carried 12,000 tons of machinery from the coast to the mines without injury to flying personnel.

Here is Lord Sempill's tribute to the New Guinea pilots:

"If a squad of the best pilots in England were sent to New Guinea to fly, the majority of them, after seeing the country to be flown and what pass for aerodromes, would catch the first boat home."

Imperial Opinions

"This meeting is of the definite opinion that in their present form, and without satisfactory modification of and alteration in the fundamental points, the Bill and the instrument of accession cannot be regarded as acceptable to the Indian States."—*Resolution of Indian Princes at Bombay.*

"The cost of the army per head of the population is in India one rupee eight annas, in Great Britain it is 80 rupees, and in Japan six rupees eight annas."—*Sir Philip Chetwode, Indian C-in-C. in the Indian Assembly.*

"If the Privy Council allows more frequent appeals on matters of no constitutional moment a grave situation may arise, for these appeals are from one body of law, which is Roman Dutch, to Judges trained in another body of law."—*General Smuts in the Union House of Assembly.*

"Restriction of exports appeals to no Australian, but Australia stands to lose a great deal more by going into the conference on long-term meat arrangements branded as the Opposition than by giving way on an issue which seems vital mainly to Country party politicians."—*The Bulletin, Sydney.*

"Canadian wheat for bread-making purposes is the finest wheat in the world."—*Sir Henry Robson, Chairman of the Baltic Exchange.*

"It is realised by all communities in Kenya that the root cause of Kenya's financial plight is the high cost of its administration."—*Captain W. Kirton, J.P., speaking recently in Nairobi at a meeting of the Progressive Party.*

"For years I have advocated acquiring a corridor along the border of South-West Africa and Angoland to enable Northern Rhodesia to have access to the western ocean."—*The Hon. Chas. S. Knight, addressing the Northern Rhodesia Legislative Council.*

The Hudson Bay Route

By A. C. MacNeish.

Montreal, Feb. 18.

WITH the temporary shelving of the St. Lawrence Waterways Scheme for ocean travel to mid-western Canada, the Dominion is now looking with increasing interest to the progress of the Hudson Bay route to Western Canada, and to the development of the northern port of Churchill.

With the expenditure of some £8,000,000 on the construction of the port and the railroad from Le Pas, Manitoba, the hopes of the early pioneers and sponsors of the route have found some realisation.

In 1931, the first year of the opening of the port, two ships called at Churchill, bringing 390 tons of coal; and left with 544,769 bushels of wheat. The following year ten ships docked, carrying 396 tons of general cargo and 93 tons of glass; taking away 2,736,029 bushels of wheat and 987 tons of flour.

The year 1933, although a very dull year in shipping, found ten ships calling at Churchill with 1,448 tons of coal, 891 tons of general cargo, and 340 tons of window glass; and exporting 2,707,891 bushels of wheat, 150,134 board-feet of lumber, 200 head of cattle and 65 tons of general cargo.

Last year all these records were broken, with fifteen ships calling at the northern port.

The great disadvantage of this port and route, which brings Great Britain a thousand miles nearer to Western Canada than by the St. Lawrence route, lies in its relatively short season. While the St. Lawrence is open about eight months in the year, the Hudson Bay route is safe for only about one hundred and twenty days in the year, and even this season is drastically curtailed by the refusal of the insurance companies to extend a time limit that allows ships to make only one round trip per year.

But one very good feature is that there have been no accidents. A most satisfactory information system is in operation whereby shipping is informed of any ice floes on the route through three strategically placed information centres.

The dangers of the route are not in the Bay itself, although the close proximity of the Pole has at times an adverse effect on the ship's compass. In the Straits leading into the Bay tidal waves are sometimes experienced, reaching as high as thirty-five feet, and a further menace to shipping are the ice drifts, carried south by the Arctic current.

But these dangers, such as they are, have not proved a serious obstacle to the development of the Hudson Bay route for about four months in the year for oceanic trade; and each year should see a gradual improvement.



Rarotonga, one of the Islands which Captain Cook discovered

Empire Outposts—II.

The Cook Islands

By Mary Edmonds.

WHEN, in 1777, Captain Cook discovered this group of ten volcanic and coral islands, he named them after Captain Hervey, but now they are more often called the Cook Islands. The islanders are a Polynesian people, possessing legends of their emigration from Samoa, and are closely related to the Maoris of New Zealand.

They possess all the cheerfulness, kindness and unstinted hospitality of their race. A century ago, they dressed in skirts of coconut fibre and hibiscus leaves, adorned with strings of coloured seeds and shells. Bark cloth from the paper mulberry tree made their cloaks and loin cloths. In their hair they twined flowers, leaves, red berries and sweet scented herbs. They greeted their friends with songs and recitations in chorus, rubbed their faces with the hands or feet of the visitors, and then rubbed noses.

Their houses were built of wood, thatched with coconut palm and pandanus.

Manchester cotton has replaced the native dress, and it is difficult to find a house free from European influence, for corrugated iron and sawn timber are now regularly imported for building purposes.

The true native house is better suited to the climate and gives better ventilation. Moreover, being less costly, there is less inducement for families to crowd together, and less danger of the spread of the recently introduced tuberculosis germ.

The indigenous material culture of the islanders is fast disappearing.

Little bark cloth is found nowadays, though many of the older women know how to make it, and the wooden anvils and ironwood beaters employed in its manufacture are frequently found in the houses. It is still used as a bedspread after childbirth.

The Cook Islanders are highly skilled wood-carvers. When a man died, his relatives removed the stone head of his working adze and refitted it to a specially carved haft, square or octagonal in section, about nine inches in circumference and two to three feet long. This was carved all over in a minute pattern of stylised human figures, the motif sometimes being reduced to a simple cross-cut by

a vertical line. These curious relics still appear in the sale rooms, but are becoming of increasing value and scarcity.

The total area of the group is 111 square miles, and its population of over 11,000 is increasing.

With the decline of the old days, man-hunting and cannibalism have disappeared as well. The population is now almost entirely Protestant and in 1932, 2,330 pupils were registered on the rolls of the Government schools.

The islands were annexed to New Zealand in 1901. They are capable of exporting large quantities of tropical fruit and vegetables, but the coral reefs make the islands difficult of access and shipping calls are at present irregular and infrequent.

The bulk of the trade is with New Zealand and includes copra, oranges, bananas, tomatoes, fruit juice and coconuts.

Silver Jubilee Scandal

SOME of our German, Russian and Czecho-Slovakian competitors are going a little too far.

Surely, one would think, the Silver Jubilee of our Sovereign would be a family affair, more or less confined to the Empire.

But no! This week I was shown samples of Jubilee mugs stamped with portraits of the King and Queen and intended as presentation mugs for school children, and on the base was stamped the word "Foreign"!

Jubilee novelties for the carnivals which will be held all over England are being submitted from Russia, special Jubilee dolls from Germany, and odds and ends, from Jubilee matches to Jubilee postcards, from other European countries.

Thanks to low labour costs, foreign competitors are often able to compete with our own manufacturers in price—and this despite heavy duties on certain goods—but in quality the British goods are far and away superior.

A general warning, it is suggested, should be issued by every Chamber of Trade calling upon its members only to buy British for the Jubilee. As it is, there is the possibility of towns organising special Jubilee Empire Shopping Weeks making their streets gay with decorations—even Union Jacks—made abroad!

During the recent Royal wedding souvenirs were openly sold in the streets—medals of the Royal couple—and were marked "foreign." What would happen if our manufacturers shipped swastikas to Germany, or tricolour gala emblems to France?

In these matters it is up to the public to act.

British Neighbours in Abyssinia

By G. Delop Stevenson.

ITALIAN troops have gone to Eritrea and Italian Somaliland and the part of the British Empire most interested in the event is the little Protectorate of British Somaliland.

In 1926-27 when the Italians were fighting and consolidating their position in their own territory, the Somalis under British rule reacted in sympathy and were disturbed and excited. The British Somalis are easily affected by anything which is going on across the border for they are largely of the same race and are an active warlike people.

British Somaliland is one of the most recently conquered and smallest pieces of British territory in Africa. It is wedged in between Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia and French Somaliland, while its fourth frontier is the Gulf of Aden.

At its last census it could only claim 68 European inhabitants, its total population being between three and four hundred thousand. It was not finally brought under British control until 1920, for an entirely local war between British and Somalis had been going on unnoticed all through the Great War.

The trouble was with a "Mad Mullah" of the type known in the Sudan and on the North-West Frontier of India. The Somalis claim Arab descent and are ardent Mohammedans.

In 1899 Mahammed bin Abdullah began to stir up the tribes of the interior and soon came into conflict with the British who were establishing themselves on the coast. It was the beginning of twenty years intermittent warfare. Mahammed bin Abdullah finally died in 1921, an exile in Abyssinia.

British Somaliland is an arid country with high coast ranges and an inland plateau largely covered with thorn scrub. It is, however, a land both of varied and abundant game and of sweet smelling plants. It produces Biblical myrrh and frankincense and "balm of Gilead," and the ancients called it the *regio aromatica*.

Our first connection with it was when the East India Company made treaties with the coastal Sultans for the use of their ports. In the seventies of last century Ismail Pasha, of Egypt, took the country and when his power slackened the British and French, and later the Italians, came in and Somaliland was apportioned between them.

For many years British Somaliland was administered from Aden under the Government of India. The first British representative arrived in Berbera with forty Aden policemen, local recruits brought his force up to a hundred, and they began the pacification of a country where the men to this day go armed as a matter of course.

Wild British Somaliland is now being tamed and developed. It has already the structure of a well established colony. There is a medical service and numerous hospitals and the beginnings of government schools. There is a regular native defence force and police.

The Somalis are naturally nomadic herdsmen but they are being encouraged to grow crops and settle down. There is a search for minerals, both oil and coal are hoped for, and roads, though as yet no railway, have been built. Some day British Somaliland will stand on its own legs but up till now it has been essentially a gateway country. We first occupied it to serve as a kind of hinterland and extension of Aden and it has also been important as one of the main routes from Abyssinia to the coast.

Kenya Safeguards for Settlers

THE Colonial Office is at work on the Kenya Land Commission Report, but some time will elapse before any Parliamentary Bill is introduced. The Report consists of three bulky volumes, and constitutes



Modern Kenya—the Hotel Avenue in Nairobi

the most thorough analysis of Kenya's problems ever yet made.

Opposition to the report on the grounds that it is unfair to the natives is growing, but strangely enough most of the complaints seem to be originating from "Little Englanders" over here, and not from the natives themselves.

What the Report really does is delineate clearly which is native reserve, and which is the land earmarked for the accommodation of

Europeans. The boundaries, it is recommended, will be safeguarded by Orders in Council.

In effect, the Report gives Europeans the same measure of security of tenure as afforded to the natives, which, after all, is due to the settlers. The Trustee Board originally set up to safeguard the rights of the natives will continue its work, but will be relieved of a great deal of the administrative work in the colony, which will pass into the hands of an executive body.

I understand that the London Group on African Affairs will intensify its opposition to the Report, and that when the recommendations are introduced into Parliament vigorous protests will be



Ancient Kenya—Members of the Wanderoo Tribe

made against the demarcation of territory.

There is very little likelihood, however, of the opposition effecting any radical changes in the proposals, although the Socialists and Liberals will raise their voices against a go-ahead Colonial policy.

Smuts and Hertzog—II

By B. Sachs

Cape Town, February.

IN my previous article I remarked there was a good deal of patchwork in the South African Fusion scheme.

There was a genuine national demand for racial peace, as was evidenced by the support accorded Roos when he first left the Bench.

Smuts and Hertzog knew they had to come to terms, and there was no time to waste defining clauses thoroughly in all their full implications; with the result that they have both expressed views on most important issues that are entirely at variance with each other.

Smuts has, for instance, told us that all we aspired to was Dominion status, which South Africa received

in 1919. But Hertzog has recently informed us that South Africa's national aspirations were only satisfied with the Sovereign Independence granted us by the Imperial Conference of 1926; and this he gives as the main reason for Fusion. There is a very distinct disparity in the two view points!

We may further pertinently inquire how it is that Hertzog did not approach Smuts in 1926, in view of the Imperial relations that had been satisfactorily settled. Instead of which the acerbity in our political life became more marked than ever in 1931, when Smuts, Hertzog, Deneys Reitz and Pirow slung more mud at each other than can be found in a fair-sized African swamp.

Which confirms what we have been suspecting all along, that Hertzog only regarded Sovereign Independence as a milestone to a complete Afrikaner triumph in South Africa. But he modified his ambitions somewhat with the crushing defeat at Germiston, and the general gloomy prospect that faced the Nationalist Party in any future election—a political manoeuvre that is not very heroic, but understandable.

The notorious clauses 2(c) and 2(d) of the Fusion Agreement would also appear to be mutually exclusive; but it was a case of peace and goodwill at any cost, and logic had to take a back-seat. There is in fact more poetry than politics in these two clauses. Clause 2(c) affirms the British connection; clause 2(d) permits republican propaganda.

EMPIRE DIARY

Mar. 7—Meeting by The Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House. Subject:—"Palestine's Progress and Problems." Speaker:—Professor Norman Bentwick, M.C., O.B.E.

At 5.30 p.m., at the Overseas League, Mr. Eric Rice, Asst. Secretary, is giving an "At Home" to visiting overseas (men) members. Guest of honour: the new High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, the Hon. S. M. Lanigan O'Keeffe.

Smuts and Reitz have both openly and frankly said that they do not like the republican clause; that it was only inserted to placate an important section of Hertzog's followers; and finally, that it was in any case only academic.

But Hertzog's followers think quite differently. It is evident that some of them will one day want to cash this cheque for a republic. Besides, the Nationalist section that joined the Fusion Party probably regard this republican issue as no more academic than the clause stressing the British connection.

When Smuts talks of the importance of recognising that South Africa must remain part of the Empire, the only conclusion to be drawn is that

in this clause 2(c) resides the future war-policy of South Africa; in short, that South Africa will join the Empire in any future war.

Smuts has spoken of the importance of being honest in public life, and it would perhaps be best if he openly stated this war policy. As it is, both he and Hertzog are dodging and evading the issue. It is not enough to say: "The people will decide," as Hertzog has said, or introduce irrelevancies like the Kellogg Pact to befog the whole issue, as Smuts has done.

It is for our statesmen to declare unequivocally South Africa's attitude in the next war while there is still time to consider things coolly.

Hertzog's attitude in the Great War is too well known to be treated in detail. It is important to note, however, that he virtually contended that the rebellion was not a rebellion, since it was due to the Government's action in entering the war, which he held was unconstitutional.

Smuts realised that it would be better for Hertzog to cause the break-up of the Nationalist Party from within. When the Fusion talk started, it was all a question whether Smuts or Hertzog could take a bigger percentage of their respective followers with them. As things stand, Stallard has only taken, at most, 10 per cent. of the S.A.P. with him, while it can safely be said that Malan split the Nationalist Party fifty-fifty with Hertzog.

These figures constitute the victory of Smuts and Hertzog. Hertzog must have suddenly become aware of this staggering possibility portending defeat. He made a bold effort to bring Malan over to Fusion. (This explains the "Dear Erasmus" letters.)

But Malan stands for intransigent nationalism. Hertzog's retreat has been cut off, should his residence in the Fusion tabernacle be an unhappy one.

Whatever happens, Smuts will in future fight the Nationalist Party without Hertzog, Havenga, etc. That represents the quintessence of Smuts' victory.

The Falklands and the Argentine

By Francis Gribble.

THE revival of Argentina's claim to the Falkland Islands is more interesting than alarming, and will, no doubt, be settled by diplomacy. Meanwhile it may serve as an excuse for recalling some forgotten passages in colonial history; for it certainly is not every one who remembers that the first settlement in the islands was a French settlement, or that we once were within an ace of going to war with Spain about them.

Bougainville, the French navigator, was the pioneer. He had been Montcalm's aide-de-camp at Quebec, and, after Quebec had fallen, he thought of these islands as a suitable place of refuge for some of those Acadians whose misfortunes are familiar to every reader of Long-

fellow's "Evangeline." He took a number of them there, and established a settlement there under the command of his cousin, G. de Bougainville-Nerville.

But Spain objected. There was not, Spain admitted, the same "reason for jealousy as there would naturally be with a power so formidable at sea as England,"—but still, in view of the proximity of the islands to Spanish South America,—!

So France gave way, and consented to be bought out; and then there was further trouble.

Unknown to the French and unaware of their presence, Admiral Byron, the poet's grandfather, had hoisted the British flag in another part of the Islands; and, for seven years, the British and Spanish settlements existed, side by side, treating each other with more or less distinguished consideration, while their respective Governments exchanged menacing notes, and the journalists and pamphleteers got busy.

"Junius" and Dr. Johnson, among others, participated in the fray, the latter figuring, for once in his life, as a pacifist, and ridiculing the idea of going to war for "the empty sound of an ancient title to a Magellanick rock, an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, barren in summer, which not even the southern savages have dignified with habitation; where a garrison must be kept in a state that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia, of which the expense will be perpetual, and the use only occasional—a nest of smugglers in peace, and, in war, the refuge of future buccaneers."

The Government of the day took his view of the matter. We left the Falkland Islands, the Governor's last act before his departure being to affix on the door of a blockhouse a leaden plaque bearing the inscription:

"Be it known to all nations that Falkland's Island, with this fort, the storehouses, wharf, harbours, bays, and creeks thereunto belonging, are the sole right and property of His most Sacred Majesty George III, King of Great Britain."

The Spaniards seized the plaque and took it to Buenos Aires. Beresford recovered possession of it when we occupied the City in 1806—the one advantage which we derived from that unfortunate expedition.

There followed a period during which the Falkland Islands were a kind of no man's land, the haunt of disorderly characters and the scene of many deeds of violence.

The Union Jack was hoisted again there in January, 1833; but Argentina, claiming, as Chile also did, that she had inherited whatever in the neighbourhood had belonged to Spain, denied our right to hoist it and disputed our title. Nor has the Argentine claim always been without supporters in this country. Sir William Molesworth supported it, in the House of Commons, in 1848 in a speech in which he said:

"On that dreary, desolate, windy spot, where neither corn nor trees can

grow, long wisely abandoned by us, we have, since 1841, expended upwards of £35,000; we have a civil establishment there at a cost of £5,000 a year, a Governor who has erected barracks and other 'necessary' buildings well loop-holed for musketry; and, being hard up for cash, he issued a paper currency, not, however, with the approbation of the Colonial Office. What I propose to this house is to acknowledge the claims of Buenos Aires to the Falkland Islands."

That suggestion, however, was not adopted. On the contrary, in the following year, a number of Chelsea Pensioners, of all people in the world, were sent out to settle in the Islands and if necessary defend them; and their harbours certainly proved very useful to us in 1914.

Canadian and Russian Timber

THE Empire Industries Association writes:—

The situation in connection with the import of Russian timber is serious. The agreement between Timber Distributors, Ltd., and the Soviet Government contains what is known as the "fall" clause, which provides that, should the general market price of similar timber fall during the year, then the Russian contract price should be reduced by a maximum of 22s. 6d. per standard.

There is, of course, a ten per cent. duty upon foreign timber imported into this country, Empire timber being free. The only Empire competitors with Russian timber are the Canadians, and a drop to the extent of 22s. 6d. per standard would offset the ten per cent. preference, and would probably so affect prices that the export of their timber would become uneconomic.

Article 21 of the Ottawa Agreement with Canada provides that, if either Government is satisfied that any preferences granted are likely to be frustrated by the creation or maintenance, directly or indirectly, of prices through State action on the part of any foreign country, power shall be exercised to prohibit importation from such foreign country.

Basing themselves upon this clause, the Canadian Government have throughout protested against the "fall" clause, and on this occasion are very much disturbed at the increase of 50,000 standards over last year's importation from Russia.

At the present time the Canadian mills are occupied to about fifty per cent. of their capacity only, and any deterioration of their position would not only cause considerable hardship but might create revulsion of feeling in Canada.

In view of these facts, it is to be hoped that the increase of 50,000 standards will be eliminated and that the insertion of the "fall" clause will be vetoed by the Board of Trade as it was last year.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

The undermentioned Fellows of the Royal Empire Society have just arrived in England: H. C. F. Cox, Solicitor-General for Nigeria; Hon. E. W. Evans, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary for Mauritius.

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. J. R. Johnston, from Lodoma; Mr. L. Turnill, from Kisumu; Mr. E. L. Lindsey, from Nairobi.

East Africa.—Mr. C. G. Trapnall, of Northern Rhodesia, 25, Holland Park, London, W.11; Captain H. G. Lloyd of Kenya Colony Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, W.1.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Adams; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Angus; Mr. J. Angus; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Archibald; Miss M. Bennett; Miss Binnie; Comdr. C. B. Blencowe; Mr. L. E. Bolton; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bowick; Miss E. Bowick; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bradley; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Catania; Miss R. F. N. Catania; Mr. A. B. Chanter; Mrs. J. S. Cashmore; Miss P. S. Cashmore; Miss J. M. Cashmore; Miss Clarke; Mr. J. Clemett; Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Curnock; Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Curtis; Miss D. Dale; Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Deacon; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Douglas; Miss J. R. L. Douglas; Mr. G. Dodd; Mr. E. A. Dorling; Mr. A. J. Dowse; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gardner; Miss J. A. Gardner; Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Gibbons; Major J. R. Guild; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gurney; Mr. C. Seymour Hall; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hellyer; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hill; Mr. F. J. Hood; Mrs. G. Hunter; Mr. A. S. Hunter; Mrs. C. T. Hutson; Mr. H. Lamont; Miss R. M. Longhead; Mrs. I. Loveridge; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Mackrell; Miss D. P. Mackrell; Mr. and Mrs. J. Macmunn; Miss E. K. M. McKean; Mr. and Mrs. J. Marriott; Miss Marriott; Mr. and Mrs. P. McVay.

Mr. A. B. Mill; Mr. H. Miller; Mr. P. W. Mollard; Miss F. Morley; Miss D. M. Mott; Master R. O'Toole; Mrs. J. Ratcliffe; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Roberts; Mr. E. E. Roden; Mr. I. H. D. Rolleston; Mr. H. S. Selous; Miss M. E. Simmie; Mr. C. Smail; Miss E. M. Stone; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tovee; Miss C. P. I. Tovee; Miss D. M. Tweed; Mrs. N. Ward; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Watkins; Miss L. J. M. Watkins; Mrs. F. T. Watts; Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Webber; Miss Webber; Miss E. M. Welch; Mr. A. G. Whitehead; Mr. and Mrs. Fyfe; Mrs. R. T. Brown; Miss R. Compton; Mrs. A. L. C. Dubois; Mr. and Mrs. D. Elphick; Mr. and Mrs. Kerr; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Oliphant; Master P. R. Parker; Dr. D. A. Skan; Mr. S. A. Walden; Mr. and Mrs. Read; Mr. and Mrs. Balmer; Mrs. Blanco-White; Mr. R. E. Boyd; Lady Mary Boyd; Mr. and Mrs. Burdett; Mr. and Mrs. Butler; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rutherford; Mr. R. S. Cobb; Miss M. Davies; Mrs. Drakely; Mr. and Mrs. W. Fairlie; Mr. M. G. Garratt; Mr. and Mrs. Gawler; Mrs. B. K. Latimer; Cant. and Mrs. M. F. J. R. Mahony; Mrs. W. H. Martin; Mrs. McNamara; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Mowbray; Mrs. Palfreman; Mr. A. R. Quarrie; Mrs. A. H. Rabachiat; Mr. and Mrs. Robertson; Mrs. S. W. Scurr; Miss P. J. Stansfeld; Miss H. Sutherland; Mrs. Wrigley.

Southern Rhodesia.—Mr. C. E. Allen; Mr. N. Scott; Mr. E. M. Hendrick; Mrs. E. F. Paget; Salisbury; Mr. W. P. Barrington Piers, Marandellas; Mr. N. Jacobson, Gwelo; Mr. D. Fawcett Phillips, Battledfields; Mrs. R. L. June, Bulawayo; Mr. D. H. Speight, Bulawayo; Mr. E. Speight, Gatzema; Mr. W. J. Whiteside and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hill, Bulawayo.

Australia.—Mr. Alfred Gollin, of Gollin and Co., after a visit to Australia; Mr. Lamson Smith, a Sydney company director, on a business and pleasure visit to England; Mr. and Mrs. W. Hardie, of Sydney, with their daughter, Miss M. E. Hardie; Sir John and Lady Archer, from a holiday in Australia; Sir Francis Colchester Wemyss and Colonel W. B. Du Pre, members of the English croquet team who have been playing in Australia; Miss Strella Wilson, the soprano, after a visit to her native land; Colonel T. R. Williams, D.S.O., Director of Mechanisation, Australian Defence Department; to investigate mechanised developments here with a view to their further application in Australia; Mr. C. Don Service, a Sydney solicitor, on a visit to England with Mrs. Service.

Newfoundland.—Admiral Sir David Murray Anderson, K.C.B., Governor of Newfoundland, is in England on two months' leave, also Capt. H. B. Robinson, the Governor's Private Secretary; the Hon. S. Milleg, Senior member of the Upper House of Newfoundland, and Mrs. Milleg; the Hon. Harold Macpherson and numerous buyers on a visit to the British Industries Fair.

Canada.—Mr. C. B. Harrison, construction manager, Montreal, 62, Guilford Street; Mr. S. J. Reginald Saunders, manufacturers' agent, Toronto, Park Lane Hotel; Mr. C. Douglas Blyth, of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, Thackeray Hotel.

Arrivals at the Savoy from Canada include Mr. Lewis A. Simmons, of Toronto; Mr. R. A. Errington and Mr. A. J. Walker, of Montreal; Mrs. Betty MacPherson, of Toronto; and Mr. Joseph Bastien, manager of Holt, Renfrew and Co., of Quebec; and Mr. and Mrs. George Strath, of Victoria, B.C.

All the Hotels in this Register are recommended by the "Saturday Review" and can be visited with every confidence.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate terms.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN. Wales.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for comfort, fishing and golf. H. & C.

PADSTOW. Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

RICHMOND. Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel. England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SALISBURY. Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

TEIGNMOUTH. Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors. Phone 879.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel. 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel Royal, York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

DAWLISH. S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, exclusive, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel, Est. 34 years. E. light. Lift. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

HASLEMERE. Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a country house hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 130 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

ILFRACOMBE. Dilkusa.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

INVERNESS.—Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

LEAMINGTON Spa.—Spa Hotel, Holly Walk. Near gardens and pump room. H. & C. in bed. E. l. Gas fires. Billiards.

LONDON.—Bickenhall Private Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

LONDON.—Norfolk Residential Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square. W 2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

PHILLACK. Hayle, Cornwall.—Rivière Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

WESTCLIFF.—Allerton Private Hotel, Crowstone Road; near Sea. From two guineas weekly.

CENTRAL.—ROOM, Double 90s. single (small) 8s. off Holborn; charming; all conveniences.—BM/BCGX, Holborn

SCHOLASTIC

FIRST-CLASS BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL has VACANCIES Boarders or entire charge; expert care delicate, backward children; glorious surroundings; home life; wonderfully healthy. REDUCED FEES for immediate entries. Write or call.—Principal, Hillplace, Crawley, Sussex.

PERSONAL

"SPRING DIETING."—Take a VITAMIN DIET CURE in March at Lady Margaret's (Fruitarian), Doddington, Kent.

LADY wishes to take into her home TWO CHILDREN, own child; trained children's nurse; country; large garden; school.—Mrs. F. R. Cooper, World's End, Mulbarton, Norwich.

CORNER HOUSE. Overstrand, Cromer; near beach; nice garden; takes children and babies; trained nurses, governess; moderate terms.—Apply Miss Speller.

LIMITS TO CHEAP MONEY

By Our City Editor

THERE are limits even to the Government's "cheap money" policy but they appear only to apply when the *reductio ad absurdum* has been reached. Thus Treasury Bill rates having been brought down to a level of under $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, we find that at last a check is administered by the fact that more than one Lombard Street firm seriously considers retiring from the wholly unremunerative Discount Market where for years it has formed a link in one of the most important chains which drive Britain's financial machinery. The Clearing Banks, having

COMPANY MEETING

SELFRIDGE & CO.: IMPROVED RESULTS

The 27th annual ordinary general meeting of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday last, at the company's store, Oxford-street, London, W.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director) said that the results of the Selfridge group of businesses controlled by Selfridge and Co. showed a happy increase for each of the past three years, the totals being £734,000 to January 31, 1935, £704,000 to the same date of 1934, and £673,000 to January 31, 1933. These progressively favourable figures were duplicated in the balance sheet of Selfridge and Co., Ltd. The returns of Selfridge and Co. had been higher both in the first half and in the second than a year ago, but the six weeks before Christmas had been so unseasonable in weather that they had been adversely affected. Of course, their business in purely Christmas merchandise had been greater than ever, but they had dropped in winter wearing apparel and heavy goods, a result which they believed to be universal throughout these islands.

Their net profit was £375,139, and it was proposed to pay 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the year, against 3 per cent. last year, and to carry forward £90,100, against £85,035 the year before. That showed the financial condition of the business, but the actual position, as judged by the critical merchant who studied more than only the cold figures, discovered a continually increasing potential strength.

As the great stores become larger and as their annual returns become greater their smaller neighbours and competitors if capable, experienced, and temperamentally equipped, seem to gain by their nearness to the big stores and they do not hesitate to show their realisation of this fact. A striking demonstration occurred last March when, during the birthday week of this House, 1,500 or 2,000 of our neighbouring shopkeepers gave to us the delightful courtesy of a great banquet to show their friendliness and good will.

These 25 years have carried their full share of thrills, of successes, and of set-backs, of disappointments, but as no game is worth playing which does not contain elements of risk and possible discomfiture, so these occasional failures to achieve certain results have only led to greater efforts.

The report was unanimously adopted.

already reduced their rates for loans to the Discount Market to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., find that this is not sufficiently low to enable the Discount houses to live, since Bill Rates are all well below $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In consequence, the banks are more or less forced to come to a decision not to tender for the weekly sale of Treasury Bills by the Government nor to take bills from the market under $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. We do not imagine that any great harm can result from the decision although undoubtedly much good will come of it, but it would not come as a surprise to a weary Money Market if the Treasury were to adopt retaliatory measures in consequence of having to pay such a rate as 10s. per cent. per annum for borrowing sums of £30,000,000 and more on Treasury Bills! If such measures are, in fact, taken, it will not be long before the Treasury discovers that the normal machinery for accommodating short-term Government debt has been smashed by a short-sighted greed in exaggerating "cheap money."

The same principle applies in relation to long-term debt. Already the appearance of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Corporation issues caused such a slump in the gilt-edged market that no more loans on behalf of Corporations and Public Boards are making their appearance at the moment. Greed has spoilt the market. The Treasury has been slow to realise that even a fall in interest rates must have its limits and those limits appear to have been reached.

Pearl Assurance

The results of the Pearl Assurance for 1934 must be regarded as highly satisfactory and the conservative valuation allows of bonuses to policyholders at the same rates as those for the previous year. On industrial whole life policies taken out before 1928 subject to a weekly premium of 1s. the rate is 14s. payable at death. The endowment bonus is 11d. subject to a weekly premium of 1d. and in proportion for higher premiums. The Ordinary Branch bonus is £2 per cent. of sums assured. The total Industrial Branch surplus is £1,828,566, of which £603,319 goes to policy-holders and £100,000 to investments reserve, while of the Ordinary Branch surplus of £1,462,904 participating policy-holders receive £779,532 and £100,000 is placed to investments reserve. Premium income shows a further rise to £14,225,171 and the profit and loss balance allows the 50 per cent. dividend requiring £600,000 for the year to be repeated.

Selfridge Profits

Selfridge and Co. Ltd., earned considerably more last year, profits being £317,425 net compared with £295,403 for the previous year. The ordinary dividend is raised from 3 to 5 per cent. and £40,000 is written off leaseholds against £35,000 a year previously. The Whiteley dividend guarantee requires £50,590 compared with £63,541 in the previous year, Wm. Whiteley having also recorded improved results. The 6 per cent. preference stock at 29s. per £1 unit yields over 4 per cent. tax-free and the 10 per cent. preferred return nearly $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. gross at 31s. These returns still look attractive with the past year's results giving improved "cover" though they were recommended in these columns at lower prices.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £48,845,000

Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street